THE CLEAN SWORD

LYNN · HAROLD · HOUGH

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The Clean Sword

By
LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

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TO MY FRIEND
CHARLES MORSE ALLEN

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Unclean Sword	9
II.	The Sword of Protection	24
III.	The Sword of Law	38
IV.	The Sword of Civilization	53
V.	The Sword of Justice	70
VI.	The Sword of Brotherhood	89
VII.	The Sword of Christ	107
VIII.	The International Sword	130
IX.	The Sword of Peace	146
X.	Soiling the Clean Sword	164
XI.	Wielding the Clean Sword	179
XII.	The Clean Sword and the Future	194

CHAPTER I

THE UNCLEAN SWORD

A SWORD has no character until you use it. There is nothing fundamentally good about it. There is nothing fundamentally bad about it. It is ethically neutral until it is drawn and wielded; and then the cause gives character to the sword.

Right at the outset we must meet those who would challenge these statements. The challenge comes from two groups. One declares that the sword is bad quite apart from the cause in which it is used. A good cause cannot make a good sword. The sword is inherently evil. The other declares that the sword is good quite apart from the cause. A bad cause never makes a bad sword. The sword is inherently good in spite of the cause. The first group preaches peace at any price. The second group preaches war at any price. And each of these two groups has quite lost ethical perspective and the sound sense of values.

The claim that the sword is in itself evil

will come up in many ways in the course of this volume. For the present we content ourselves with the statement that this claim is based upon an assumption which should be carefully scrutinized. That assumption is that physical existence is life's supreme value. If there is something more valuable than physical life, then if physical life gets in the way of that more valuable thing, the thing of supreme value must have the right of way. If a woman's honor is more valuable than the life of the brute who attacks her, then it is proper to kill him if that is the only way to save her. If his physical existence is of such value that it should go on no matter what he does, then there is no just defense for taking his life, even if that is the only way to prevent the gravest crimes. There is a subtle and, of course, quite unethical materialism back of the claim that the physical life must be allowed to go on whatever happens. Despite the most brilliant attempts to hide it, this position puts the physical first and the moral second. Driven to the point of choice, it is the physical which must be conserved and the moral which must be surrendered.

The second group of objectors sees such value in war that the causes are quite incidental. To a man like Nietzsche there were no bad wars. The fight itself made the cause good, for fighting provides the very atmosphere in which the greatest qualities are developed. The greatest nation is the nation of the greatest fighters. The military spirit carries with it the highest good for the individual and for the nation. The sword is a sort of national deity, and through its worship a people will become great.

Now, it is quite clear that ethical values completely disappear in the presence of such principles as these. There is no right apart from might. And might itself is the creator of right. There is only one vice: that is to be weak. There is only one virtue: that is to be strong. A theory of this kind is clear-cut and simple and easily comprehended. But it gains in simplicity by ignoring those aspects of character which give life its supreme value. Of course it is easier to construct a philosophy of life if you leave morals out. But the price you pay is to have a philosophy which a man with a conscience will instantly repudiate.

At once and with complete candor and thoroughgoing emphasis we repudiate these two extremes. We do not believe in a sword which is good in itself. We do not believe in a sword which is bad in itself. And so we come back to our preliminary assertion: a sword has no character until you use it.

When you use the sword for a wrong cause it becomes a bad sword; and the story of human life is full of tragedies caused by just this sort of fighting. We want to make it perfectly clear that we do not defend such use of the sword. We do not apologize for it. We repudiate it. We believe that it ought to be banished from the earth. And so important is it that the brutal tragedy of the unclean sword be understood that we shall devote the remainder of this chapter to its discussion.

When the Northmen used to come to the coast of England in their swiftly moving boats, there was terror enough in the English communities. The Northmen would go up the rivers, descend swiftly upon the unsuspecting villages, and leave a sad tale of remorseless plundering behind. Now, it is quite clear that there is no ethical justifica-

tion for this sort of fighting. And whether it is a pirate ship or a pirate nation the principles involved are the same. It may be Russia appropriating a large part of Poland, or it may be a savage chief carrying off booty from a neighboring tribe he has brutally attacked. In any case the plundering sword is an unclean sword. It defiles the hand which uses it. The world is poorer and sadder and worse because it has been drawn from the scabbard. Right-minded men must scorn it. Right-minded nations must repudiate it. The treatment of Cuba by the United States after the Spanish-American war of 1898 is a conspicuous illustration of that advancing moral consciousness of the world which turns with loathing from the sword of plunder.

Now, it cannot be denied that there have been an enormous number of plundering wars in the history of the world. Nineveh was built up by wars of plunder. The booty which was swept from a hundred subject cities swelled its opulence. And what was true of Nineveh has been true of many another capital. It has fattened upon stolen wealth. It has been lordly in plunder.

As civilization has advanced the sword of plunder has changed its name without changing its character. It has become the sword of exploitation. Large and high-sounding phrases have been used when peoples were deprived of their liberties at the close of great wars. But with all the subtle statecraft involved, it was still true that the sword was used against freedom and not for freedom. Sometimes even a good war has been brought to a bad end, when its victories have been used to further reaction and to stifle progress. The Congress of Vienna came at a time when a stern and strongly united group of nations had overthrown the intolerable tyranny of Napoleon, but the Congress of Vienna helped to fasten the chains of reaction upon Europe. A sword which had been clean was soiled by the peace treaties. Plainly, then, whenever a war eventuates in the oppression of small or backward peoples, whenever strength uses high-sounding phrases to cover its exploitations, whenever military force is made the basis of the removal of human rights by whatever process of induction, you have the use of an unclean sword. The sword of ex-

ploitation is the foe of civilization. The sword of exploitation is the foe of progress. The sword of exploitation is the foe of freedom. The sword of exploitation is the foe of humanity.

The sword which tears down one nation in order to build up another is an exploiting sword. The story of the development of the present German empire is full of remorseless deeds of violence. Whether you think of Frederick the Great and his shameful dealing with Maria Theresa, or Bismarck and his conscienceless diplomacy and conscienceless war, the story is the tale of a great end, and the belief that any means were justified to secure that end. The glory of the greater Prussia, the glory of the unified Germany, clouded men's eyes to the dastardly methods by which the results were obtained. The wielder of the exploiting sword is not thinking of the agony of the exploited. He is thinking of some great results which the exploitation is to bring about; and the glory of that result fills his eyes. But the sword which cuts its way through human rights is always an evil sword, and the hour has struck when civilization is to repudiate it forever.

Mr. Walter Lippmann, in that clear and thought-provoking book The Stakes of Diplomacy, has called our attention to the perpetual temptation which weak and backward peoples bring to the strong and stalwart nations of the world. We must face the issue squarely. We must not hesitate and we must not evade its challenge; and we must declare right unmistakably that the sword which exploits weak and backward peoples is the sword of an outlaw. The nation which wields it must forfeit its place in the respect of the world.

We have seen that a war's causes affect the ethical quality of the sword which has been unsheathed. We have seen that a war's results leave their mark on the nation's sword. Now we must see also that a war's methods affect the sword which the warrior wields.

Of course war can never be a gentle and friendly thing. There may be sometimes such exchange of courtesies as those between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin which made the Third Crusade so fascinating. But war is stern and terrible business. It consists in killing and wounding so many soldiers that the enemy will no longer be able

to fight. And that can never be made a gentle and gracious thing. It is as stern and awful as death itself.

But while this is true, the advancing moral sense of the world has pronounced against unnecessary cruelties. The whole forward movement of the civilized life of man has brought a desire to lighten the burden of war in every possible way. The international recognition of the Red Cross is a conspicuous illustration of the developing sense of civilized man. The treatment of the noncombatant population of a country which is invaded is a definite illustration of the attitude of an army toward these matters. The treatment of prisoners is another. And here emerges the principle that the sword characterized by frightfulness, by cold cruelty, and the love of giving pain is an unclean sword.

There are two possible attitudes toward these matters. The one insists that frightfulness is justified if it hastens the end of the war. The other insists that you cannot pay the price of frightfulness even to win the war. The one sinks passenger vessels, attacks hospital ships, subjects prisoners to

terrible cruelty, treats the population of a captured country with complete barbarity as a part of a definite program for the winning of the war. The other is willing to make any sacrifice to win the war except the sacrifice of character. There are some things which are impossible to a truly civilized man and a truly civilized nation. The victory itself would be meaningless if such a price had to be paid to secure it. In choosing between these two attitudes we will not hesitate. To us the sword of frightfulness is necessarily and forever an unclean sword.

There is undoubtedly in the heart of man such a thing as the lust for blood. You see it in savage peoples in unblushing and vivid expression. There is a delight in fighting just for the sake of fighting—not because fighting makes men strong, not because fighting makes men brave, but just for the hot zest of battle. There may be rather more truth than poetry in the assertion that if you scratch a gentleman you find a savage. In any event the blood lust has emerged again and again in the history of the human race. The wild light of battle has become merely the light of the furious fighter and not the

light in the eye of the man who has a great cause. He likes to fight. He likes to kill. He has a mad passion for gore. Now we must say without hesitation that the bloodthirsty sword is an unclean sword. A man does not have to become a savage in order to fight savages. He can be sternly strong in his fighting without surrendering his heart to the wild blood lust. He can fling himself with noble abandon into an audacious charge for the sake of his country without becoming himself an incarnation of the thing he hates and the thing he is fighting. In the days of Attila it was possible to fight the Huns without becoming a Hun. It is always possible to fight brutality without becoming a brute. And so a man's sword is kept clean. And so is a nation's sword kept clean.

There has undoubtedly appeared among men a tendency to fight first and to think afterward. Untold sorrow and pain have come to the world because of the reckless energy which dashed into action and then long afterward stopped to think what it all involved. There is a peril of individual passion, and safety from this peril is found in individual self-control. There is danger in

popular passion, and safety from this danger is found in an instinct for self-control among the people. There is menace in sudden gusts of national passion, and safety is found in national self-control. There is a certain wild luxury in surrender to individual emotion and to the emotion of the crowd and to the emotion of the nation. The match is lighted and in a moment there is the conflagration.

We have learned to be very careful about having fire near explosives. We must be careful not to have fiery and uncontrolled passions too near to that explosive called war. The thoughtless, careless, emotional sword is an unclean sword. To fight first and to think afterward is to affront the moral law.

Occasionally we have seen a type of diplomacy which with cool and calculating selfishness embarked upon a course of action which was bound to provoke war. There was no gust of feeling. There was just unhesitating and remorseless intent to produce a fight. The nations were at peace. But peace did not fit the selfish plans of some statesman with the dangerous eagle gleam

of imperial ambition in his eye. Coolly and with mathematical precision he planned and executed a method of dealing with another nation which could only end in war. Prince Bismarck was a past master in this calculating use of the sword. Tempests of passion might blow about him, but his eye was steady and his plans moved forward according to his own carefully arranged schedule. When we analyze the activity of the calculating sword we are forced to condemn it with a certain ethical indignation. The nation which in a gust of country-wide wrath plunges into war at least has the excuse of being without premeditation. The national policy which with cynical selfishness and calculation makes war inevitable must be scorned by all men of ethical good will. The calculating sword is an unclean sword.

When we look over the history of the world and try to eliminate the wars produced by the plundering sword, the exploiting sword, the careless sword, the calculating sword, and carried on by the frightful sword, we see at once that the tale of mankind would have been very different without these wars. When we think of the blighted

hopes, of the broken hearts, of the ruined lives caused by the unclean sword, we hate it as we can hate few things in all the world.

At this point an important observation must be made. No nation has been entirely free from the use of the unclean sword. But there has been a difference. Some nations have emerged. Some nations have shown an inner capacity to throw off the lower qualities and to become men responsive to the higher ethical demands. The history of England is notable in this regard. England has had bad wars. England has at times wielded an unclean sword. But in a very wonderful way England has moved upward with passing centuries. A golden thread of idealism has moved through its life, and more and more its sword has become a sword dreaded by oppression and loved by freedom. All of us have to blush for some things which our ancestors have done, but we do not need to imitate them at their worst points. Long and sad experiences have taught us the meaning of the unclean sword, and civilization is gathering all its forces to banish the unclean sword from the face of the earth.

With all heartiness, with all loyal energy,

with complete commitment we join the forces enlisted against the guilty sword which has poisoned the life of the world. With solemn, stern insight we have learned that the only way to conquer it is to unsheath the clean sword and fight until a complete and definite victory is achieved.

CHAPTER II

THE SWORD OF PROTECTION

"I DENY the fact," shouted an excited schoolboy in the heat of a debating exercise in a public school. The teacher smiled whimsically after correcting the lad. "Older debaters than you have been known to deny facts," he said.

This matter of discussing the use of the sword rests down at last upon our willingness to face facts. If we are content to live in an ethereal and unreal world of dreamers, we can deny all hard and ugly and difficult facts and go floating off on the airy wings of our own tender sentiment. The Old Testament contains an illuminating story at this point. Ben-hadad, the king of Syria, has been in a drunken carouse. He learns that a band of young men have come from Samaria. He is in a mood of maudlin sympathy. What a pity it would be to kill these fine young fellows! So Ben-hadad gives the strangest order ever given by a military leader. "Whether they come out for peace

or for war, let them be taken alive." Drunken sentimentality could go no further. The sturdy fellows from Samaria with no such maudlin scruples came out to fight. In grim irony the biblical author tells us that they slew every one his man. The result was a crushing defeat for the Syrians and a great victory for Israel. Ben-hadad had refused to face the facts because he was drunk. Later, fleeing away and becoming sober, he had to face very hard and ugly facts indeed.

There is all the difference in the world between noble feeling which takes account of all the facts and irresponsible sentiment which acts in the most airy confidence with no careful consideration of the facts. When you ignore facts you always make the discovery in the end that they do not ignore you. We cannot have too much noble idealism, providing it is willing to face the facts.

Approaching the matter of the use of force in the honest and candid fashion of those who have nothing to evade and nothing to ignore, we come at once upon the very insistent and disagreeable fact that you must protect every noble thing in order to keep it alive and to give it an opportunity to grow.

THE CLEAN SWORD

Once there was a gardener who had a mild form of insanity. On a particular spring it took the form of a sentimental tenderness for weeds and bugs. He decided that it was heartless to uproot any living plant. He decided that it was cruel to end the life of any living insect. The weeds filled his garden. The deadly insects flourished. And the fair and serviceable things for whose growing the garden existed had no chance to survive against the sturdy weeds and the voracious insects. By refusing to kill the useless the insane gardener had in effect killed the useful; by refusing to take the life of the insects he had actually destroyed the garden.

If there is a world where good things and good people can thrive without protection, then that is a world where the sword should be left in the scabbard. It is a world where both the sword and the scabbard may be destroyed. But in the world where we dwell goodness is safe only while it is stronger than evil. The fundamental question is not a question of fighting evil. It is a question of fighting evil or of watching the destruction of good.

THE SWORD OF PROTECTION

A pioneer crossed the Allegheny Mountains and built a cabin in a beautiful spot in one of the river valleys of the West. There he and his wife and his three stalwart sons and three daughters lived while they tamed a bit of the wilderness about them. One night there was a wild war whoop, and the cabin was surrounded by Indians. The savages were ready to burn the house. They were bent on killing the settler and his family. A passion of ferocity drove them on. The white man and his three sons had trusted rifles. In a moment they were ringing out sharp defiance. One Indian after another fell dead upon the ground. Savages and ferocity and bows and arrows were not the match of the weapons of civilization. After a brief fight the red men gave up the battle and glided away into the forest. The settler and his wife and his sons and his daughters were unharmed. He had used force to protect his own. He had no choice except to see the death of those dearest to him. Is there any reason held as cogent among sane men why he should have refused to defend his home and his family? It is a tragedy to kill any man. The settler did not

look with comfort upon the dead bodies of the Indians in front of his cabin. But he did look with comfort upon his wife and children safe and untouched by harm. He had faced a situation where there was only one thing to do—and he did it.

The story has been repeated upon every frontier of the world. It has been told a million times in a million ways. The whole structure of life as we know it has been built up by men who have been willing to fight to protect all that was precious from invading ferocious hostility which had a perfect passion for destruction.

It is perfectly possible to attempt to confuse the issues by reference to the cases where the fury of savages has been caused by unfair treatment on the part of settlers. It is possible to speak of the cases where settlers have been brutal and ferocious. It is possible to speak of the fashion in which primitive peoples have been driven from their homes, and of the wrath which led them to deeds of vengeance. All this is admitted quite without hesitation. But it does not touch the fundamental question. In a world where so many kinds of people live innumer-

able curious ethical entanglements are inevitable. The real question is, What is a perfectly good and fair-minded settler going to do when his family is attacked? And in that situation he will not feel that his duty is modified by the brutality of some settler a dozen miles away. If we have to live in a perfect world before we can defend our rights, then nobody has any rights to protect. If we have to have a cause which nobody has seen defended unworthily, then there are no good causes. The question is very immediate and very practical. When the only way to keep your wife and children from being killed is to defend them, what are you going to do? And when the question takes this form a man does not argue, he fights.

In a certain American city a man came home one night from a late engagement. He heard strange, muffled noises upstairs, and entered very quietly. He found a burglar choking his wife to keep her from screaming. In a moment he had the burglar by the throat. The burglar drew a gun. A fierce fight followed. The man seized the hand which held the gun. He had been an ath-

lete in college. He was stronger than the burglar. Slowly he bent the burglar's hand until the gun pointed toward his head. Then by a deft movement he released the trigger. In one instant the burglar lay lifeless before him. To protect his wife and to save her life and his own he had slain the burglar.

Of course it may be possible that this particular burglar was a victim of evil environment. It is entirely possible that he never had a fair chance at life. It is likewise possible that all sorts of things may be said in extenuation of his evil life. But all of this is beside the mark. The question is what the American business man was going to do when he found a burglar choking his wife. And when the question is put in that straightforward way the answer is that the only thing he could do was to fight the burglar.

Now, it may be that this man was interested in prison reform. It may be that he was interested in every movement to give men of the underworld help and opportunity. It may even be that he had been the means of the reformation of many a crook.

All this is good—splendidly and finely good; but it does not change the fact that in the situation we have described he had to fight, and the fight involved the taking of a human life. The sword of protection had to be unsheathed.

There is only one kind of world where a real man may have a philosophy which makes it impossible for him to put his body between danger and those whom he loves: that is a world where there is no danger. There is only one kind of a world where a real man can refuse to use force for the protection of those whom he loves against invading evil: that is a world where there is no invading evil.

At this point the suggestion may be made that there are other methods of protection besides the use of physical force. There is the gentle and refining influence of the friendly approach and the outstretched hand. We have already made it clear that we have no brief for the careless and thoughtless use of the sword. And we have not the slightest interest in contending that a soft answer is always ineffective. Again and again a soft answer will turn away

wrath. Again and again a wise and tactful diplomacy may avoid the necessity of the use of force. And on all such occasions the gentler methods are desirable. But the point we are making is that there are occasions when there is no protection in the soft answer. There are occasions when the wrath goes right on in spite of it; and when these times come the question reduces itself to the use of force or the leaving unprotected of those who have a right to look to us for defense.

The claim will doubtless be made that the sword of protection is needed less and less as men advance in civilization. Rude days and wild ways are replaced by days of self-control and orderly ways. In respect of this claim there are considerations which must not be allowed to escape us.

First. However it may be to-day, the sword of protection has been necessary in a million instances in order that the world might reach its present state of development. That gate of progress has always been guarded by a human angel with a flashing sword. Had he failed, the fine things which depended upon his protection would have

been lost to the world. Sometimes he was a rude figure, but all the gentleness and all the fair and good things of the world have been guarded and saved by him. He stood between helplessness and all the hard hostilities of the world. And his protecting sword made possible the retaining of every noble thing which came with the advancement of the race.

Second. Even in the present the sword of protection is far more necessary and far more powerful than we sometimes realize. We fail to distinguish between the potential sword and the sword in actual use. When a visible sword is not wielded in our behalf we sometimes fail to realize that an invisible sword is protecting us.

A man goes down a city street quite safely late at night. No one attacks him. No one strikes him down. No one robs him. He may complacently ascribe his safety to the ameliorating influences of a gentler and finer civilization. As a matter of fact, the policeman who walks upon that street secures his safety. There are plenty of men who would like to rob this citizen. There are plenty of men who would not hesitate to kill him.

But the potential power represented by the policeman on his beat arouses their fear and they desist. It is not the policeman's club which is used, but the policeman's club which is ready for use which measures the full extent of protection. It is not the sword which is drawn from the scabbard, but the sharp sword ready to flash forth on the instant of need which represents the full measure of forceful defense. The great and good things which we take for granted would become insecure the moment invisible potential swords of protection were withdrawn from us. The very things we take as a matter of course would soon be lost if the actual force which upholds them were not stronger than the force which would throw them down.

Third. We have been learning in the last few years that "civilization" is a word which can be used to cover a multitude of atrocities as well as a multitude of virtues. If we make a catalogue of the things which civilized men no longer do, we shall find that men who boast of the highest form of civilization have done them quite without hesitation or remorse since the revealing days of Nineteen Fourteen. Has civilization made it unnec-

essary to protect civilians on the high seas? Let the Lusitania answer. Has civilization given certain rights of immunity to the sick and the wounded? Let the men who have met violent death in hospitals and hospital ships give grim and silent testimony which shall answer. Has civilization carried us beyond the wild cruelties of earlier days? Let the poisonous gases released upon modern battlefields answer.

The precise mistake we made before Nineteen Fourteen was the belief that the fine things of life are self-protecting. We looked out upon the world with childlike eyes of friendly trust. And because the sword of protection was unready the most terrible war of the ages came upon us. We have learned that lesson well. The days of our illusion are gone. Now we know that the only safety for the world lies in the forces of good will being stronger than the forces of ill will at the definite point of physical might and its moral and intellectual control.

There is a type of man who would like to forget that any of his ancestors were pioneers. He would like to paint over that picture of his great-grandfather who fought for

the sanctity of his home in the forest. He would like to forget that long line of sturdy men who made life safe for good and faithful women, along the winding and difficult years. He receives without hesitation the treasures their protecting sword has handed down. But he shudders as he thinks of their rude and rugged ways. He is an unworthy descendant of strong men.

This does not mean that a virile man is always aching for a fight. If he is the greatest sort of man, he hates fighting. He hates war. He hates the necessity for unsheathing the sword; but when the dearest sanctities of life are at stake he does not hesitate. He fights, and he is proud of ancestors who put loyalty above life and unsheathed the protecting sword.

As a matter of fact, the prophets of swordless living spend a good deal of time talking to the wrong people. If they would persuade the burglars not to attack innocent homes, they would be rendering a genuine service. If they could persuade savage people never to attack quiet settlers, they would be making a real contribution to the advancement of the world. If they would per-

suade malignant evil to withhold its attacking hand, all men would thank them. But when they become the practical allies of evil attacking powers by uttering no unhesitating word of condemnation of their cruelties; when they go farther and urge us not to resist their malign advances; when they use all their influence to take the spirit and the strength from those who are fighting to protect civilization, then, however sincere they may be in their misguided propaganda, they come dangerously near to being enemies of the human race.

It would be a good and glad experience could we live in a world where the gentle and the weak need no protection but the moral appeal of their need of kind and friendly treatment. In a world like that the man who would unsheath the sword would deserve the execration of the human race. But in a world where lurking evils wait to prey upon the weak and the gentle, it is the glory of righteous strength to risk its own life as it unsheaths the protecting sword.

CHAPTER III

THE SWORD OF LAW

A FINELY urbane old jurist was sitting on the piazza of his country home one beautiful summer night. A couple of bright young lawyers were sitting near him drinking in every word of his talk.

"If it were not for law," he said, "human society would fall apart. There are vast forces of disintegration at work among men all the while. In spite of them law holds the world together. And the power of law lies in its faithful enforcement."

The eager and spontaneous spirits of the world often have a definite distaste for law. They are afraid that it will stifle initiative; they are afraid that it will enslave personality. A brilliant young philosophical anarchist once put their attitude in a telling epigram. "I believe," he said, "in a society made perfect by good manners and not by good laws." All this is very fine for the people who have good manners. All this is very

splendid for the people who have genuine good will. But what are you going to do with the people of fundamentally bad manners? What are you going to do with the people of intrinsically bad will? No doubt it is a finer thing to do what is good because you want to do it than because you have to do it. But what if you do not want to do it? What if instead you want to do the utterly bad thing? What if you will do it unless you are prevented? And what if you will do the right thing only at the point of force?

You may say you have your own life to lead and you will do as you choose with it. If you ruin your career, it is your own and it is the affair of nobody else. Unfortunately, the matter is not so simple as that. You have parents, and they are interested in what you do. You are probably married, and your wife and children will be involved in your ruin. You are living in a community, and what you do affects other men and women in the most far-reaching way. You cannot live unto yourself. You cannot die unto yourself. It is a matter of self-preservation in society that you be prevented from doing certain fundamentally bad things and

that you be kept doing certain fundamentally right things. If in spite of this you insist on having your own way whatever havoc that may make in the social structure, society must step in. If you repudiate good manners, society must break your evil will by the enforcement of good laws.

Of course there is an aspect of law in which it is the convenient and codified expression of the good will of the community. In this sense good laws, though more formal, may have as spontaneous a source as good manners. In fact, it is only the wrongdoer who feels that there is something stultifying in good laws. Only the man who wants freedom to do wrong feels chains clanking about him in the right laws of the community. The special point of this discussion, however, has to do not with law as the codified expression of the community of good will, but with law as the forceful restraint of the community ill will. It is here that we meet the sword of law. It is here that legislation must be supplemented by force in order to hold society together.

You do not need to go farther than one of Rex Beach's novels in order to sense the

rough-and-ready and lawless ways of frontier communities. The same story has been made vivid to our generation by Hamlin Garland and by many another writer. Now, as you watch the advancement from the rough days and the rough ways of the frontier every step is gained by means of law and its enforcement. At first there may be a vigilance committee to stand for those ultimate decencies in which all men of good will believe. Then the community becomes more thoroughly organized. Order becomes a more definite regime. The institutions of law and its enforcement are more and more fully introduced. And at last the wild days pass and the days of quiet and security arise.

It is important at this point to see that every step in the advance is made possible by the force at the disposal of the men and women of good will. As long as the reckless adventurers and the gamblers and all the forces of human exploitation feel that they are the strongest forces in the community they laugh at law; they shoot up the town; they bleed their victims with remorseless cruelty. But at last the day comes when they begin to suspect that the forces of order

are stronger than they. They begin to move furtively. They begin to show caution. The street where no woman could go safely at night begins to be less dangerous. The dive where a night was uneventful if no one was killed begins to be free from murder. There are outbreaks now and then; but as each outbreak is put down with sterner and steadier hand, the forces of ill will lose courage and slink into the dark places from which they rarely emerge. The sword of law has triumphed. Or, to put it more adequately, law has triumphed because it had a sword. Legislation without force back of it is utterly impotent when it comes to dealing with the shrewd, alert, and remorseless bad will of a community.

The very "sky pilot" who goes to a rude pioneer community is likely to have to prove himself by being able to put up a good fight. If he is a man whom the most brutal man in the community would hesitate to meet on the wrong side of an argument, his place is assured in the community at once. Men are ready to hear the message of law from a man who can fight.

Sometimes it is the invisible forces of a

feared and respected institution which bend men's lawlessness into order on the wild frontier. One member of the famous Canadian mounted police force dashes into a rendezvous of vice and crime, where there are a dozen men. He holds up the whole crowd, despite the more than a dozen guns possessed by the dozen men he finds. He is a strong man. But more than that he has almost invincible organization behind him. As these twelve ferocious men of crime look at him they see the whole of the Canadian mounted police in his flashing, fearless eyes. And they surrender without a serious thought of resistance. The Canadian mounted police has spelled law with capital letters over untold miles of wilderness. It has wielded the sword of law in such a fashion as to make law respected. It has put such force at the disposal of law that the lawless have had a wild fear put in their hearts.

It is interesting to imagine the fate of an administration which would dismiss the Canadian mounted police and put a company of sentimental idealists who refused to use force in their place. This at least is clear. Terror would come into the eyes of women over

many a mile of frontier. The lust of lawlessness would burn brightly in the eyes of many a cruel adventurer. The gentle friendliness of the benevolent dreamers would be washed away in an orgy of brutal ferocity.

If you live near a strong bad man, your only safety is to live near a stronger good man. And in a world of organized badness the only strength which can be trusted is such an organized goodness as shall put fear into the hearts of evildoers.

A brilliant pacifist entered the lists as a fighter against commercialized vice in a great Western city. In that hard battle one by one his illusions were shattered. At last he came face to face with an evil so cruel, so relentless, and so brutal that all his fine theories regarding the appeal of simple and eager friendliness fell to the ground. He saw the monster lying at the door of the community life and at last he knew that no beautiful and poetic appeal had any worth. That monster could be reached only by fear. It could be controlled only by a force stronger than all its terrible power. It was a malignant evil which knew no argument but that of compelling strength unhesitat-

ingly used. As he looked in the eyes of that monster the young idealist found his pacifism lying in dust and ashes about him. He knew that law must wield a sword. He knew that the only safety of the forces of good will is in their being stronger than the forces of ill will, and in their being ready to use that strength.

To be sure, when once the forces of evil have been crushed by force so powerful that they dare not resist it, the men who have fought for the defeated evil may often be won by the graciousness of the conqueror. They would have laughed at the friendliness of a weak foe. They are ready to appreciate the friendliness of a foe whom they have been unable to master.

A sturdy young fellow fresh from college came to teach his first school in a Western State. There was a rough-and-ready crowd of fellows in the school that winter, and they were inclined to give their teacher a good many lively experiences. The young pedagogue had been an athlete in college, and he soon won the admiring respect and friendship of most of the boys. There was one big muscular chap, however, whom friendship

could not touch. He was a born bully and he mistook the teacher's hearty advances for signs of weakness. He decided that he was the better man of the two and that the teacher was afraid of him. He became more unruly than before. He was surly and impudent. He was endangering the discipline of the school. His lawless attitude was contagious, and it became evident that he was going to break up the school if he could. Then the teacher resorted to direct action. He gave the young bully a sound thrashing. He did so thorough a piece of work that there was never any doubt in the mind of the boy who had intended to break up the school, as to who was the better man. The bully was thoroughly beaten and completely humiliated before the whole school. Order was restored. Law was respected. The bully produced no more problems that year.

But something else happened. The teacher once more offered his friendship to the big boy who had been the incarnation of an unruly spirit. There was no mistake about the situation this time. The boy no longer thought that the teacher's friendliness meant weakness. He did not quite

understand it. But he liked it. He was very eager to respond to it. And his devotion to the teacher soon surpassed his former antagonism in intensity. He would do anything for the teacher, and woe betide the boy who showed any tendency toward being unruly if he were near. He became a pillar of the order he had tried to overthrow. And in after years, proudly referring to that teacher as the greatest friend of all his life, he would laughingly say that the friendship began the day the teacher "licked him."

We must quite frankly and honestly face the fact that certain types of wrongdoers can respect only that which is definitely stronger than they. They mistake leniency for weakness unless it is backed by tremendous force. They have great latent capacity for loyalty, but it is called forth after they had the equivalent of the experience of being soundly thrashed, and not before. Even Thomas Mott Osborne, that fine knight errant of prison reform, recognized the necessity of a course of vigorous treatment when a man entered prison, that course to be followed by every fine opportunity to which the man would respond. You must command men's

respect before they care about your offer of friendliness. And in the case of the men who break laws that respect must be based upon a sense of stern and steady and unhesitating strength. The appeal of gracious friendliness must be made by the man with a sword in his hand. Unless the man who would be a friend to the lawbreaker gives evidence of stern loyalty to the public good and unhesitating loyalty to the behests of law, complete demoralization follows in his trail.

In the name of law-enforcement men in charge of prisons have been brutal. Inside prisons conditions have been allowed to exist which worked to blight the manhood of every man serving time. Men were crushed by a hard, sordid, scornful, unethical power which unmanned them and brutalized them. This is not the sword of the law. This is the sword of the devil. We are not pleading for this sort of thing. We mention it only to condemn it. And as we condemn it we insist that the man "doing time" who is a real man —and there are many of him—would be the last man to plead for that cloying sentimentality to which some men rush in order to escape from brutality. The law must have

force back of it. The law must use its power. It must use it in stern and unhesitating fashion. But it must use its power fairly and without anger. It must have a friendly and hopeful heart back of its sternest deeds. And it must always be watching to make friends with the man it has subdued.

Two concrete matters deserve a word at this point. There is a difference between the force used in preventing a man from committing a crime and the force used upon a man who is in prison. The prison itself is a definite use of force. And corporal punishment of men in prison is hitting men who are down. You have a right to lift a man by force out of a society whose laws he is breaking. You have no right to brutalize him by the way in which you treat him in prison. There is a difference between killing a man in order to prevent his killing somebody else, and killing him after he has been captured and is held in restraint. Capital punishment is in danger of defeating the very ethical ends it has in view.

Law must have at its command power mightier than that at the disposal of the forces of evil. It must use it until the evil

forces surrender and give up their evil ways. It must never use it in sheer hot retributive wrath. When order is restored and law is enthroned its offer of clemency is its finest gift. The sword of the law has opened the way for the hand of mercy.

We must keep very sharply in mind our fundamental assertion that in the presence of bad will, the law which represents good will is no stronger than its power to enforce its behests. A most conspicuous and impressive illustration of this is found in the realm of international law. In Nineteen Fourteen Belgium lay between Germany and the goal of Germany's desire. The sacred sanctions of treaty lay between Germany and Belgium. The duty of Germany, according to every standard of international law, was perfectly clear. Belgium had a right to feel entirely safe. But the German imperial chancellor called the record of a nation's promise "a scrap of paper." Belgium was invaded. The world looked on in amazement and horror as days passed into weeks. Belgium lay bleeding and in the pangs of horror worse than death. Her rights did not avail her because they were not supple-

mented by a force which Germany feared to attack.

Atrocities on land and on sea—scornful repudiation of all that we take for granted when civilized nations fight—has characterized the warfare of Germany. All laws have been "scraps of paper" to Germany, because law had no unsheathed sword which Germany was afraid to face. The nations have unsheathed the sword which is to enforce international order. They have drawn the sword of law. They know that international sentiment will not restrain an international highwayman. And they are resorting to measures which international highwaymen will understand.

We close this chapter with two principles to be held firmly in our minds:

First. The basis of law is not in force. The basis of law is in that noble good will which joyously and eagerly desires the best for men. If there were no eagerly and spontaneously good desire in the world, there would be no basis for good laws. The glory of good laws is that they rest at last upon good hearts.

Second. But there is resistance to good.

There is evil will. There are evil hearts. There are evil men and women. They will scorn any argument not based upon a power which they fear and must respect. They would tear down the whole fabric of law and order. The only way to save the world from them is by forcing them to abstain from evil, to turn from ways of disorder and to walk in ways of orderliness. So it is necessary for law to have a sword. As long as there is malignant evil in the world, law will be treated as a "scrap of paper" unless actual force is brought to its support. So it is that the world cannot be contented with law as a poet. It must look to law as a warrior in armor. When that warrior goes forth it is possible for men and nations to sleep in safety. They know that they are guarded by the angel of law with a flaming sword.

CHAPTER IV

THE SWORD OF CIVILIZATION

Two teachers of history were sitting by a cheerful library fire one cold winter night. There was a friendly crackle in the fireplace, and the blaze cast a warm, enticing glow out over the room. The books in the shelves all about the room seemed to catch the genial spirit of comradeship and to reach out invisible hands toward the two gray-haired men seated near by. The subtle invitation of the books was quite ignored by the teachers who were having a zestful discussion regarding the meaning of the long tale of human life in the world.

"Civilization is organized self-sacrifice," said one of them. "At every step in the progress of men the individual gives up something more in the name of advancing life."

The other teacher looked into the fire for a moment. Then he replied. "Yes, there is sacrifice all the way along. But it is richly

rewarded. For everything he gives up, the individual receives a multitude of gifts. Civilization always gives more than it takes."

Soon the two were moving out in a discussion of the profits and losses of civilization, into which we need not follow them, though we will try to face some of its problems before we complete this chapter. At present our concern is with the method of civilization's forward movement in the world, and the relation of the definite and forceful use of power to that advance.

In a state of barbarity in its crudest form there would be no social organization at all. Every man would do as he chose. But no one would do very much, for you cannot do very much without cooperation, and cooperation means mutual concession for the sake of ends gained in common.

The moment you have the most primitive tribal organization the necessity arises that the individual surrender something to the tribe. The price he pays for being a member of the tribe is the acceptance of the standards and customs and habits of the tribe. Now, the very basis of the continuing life of the tribe is that the individuals who make up

the tribe submit to the tribal rules. It may be a matter of loyalty to the chief; it may be a matter of loyalty to another member of the tribe. Everything is built about these sanctions. If they are not preserved, the tribe perishes. Two matters are important here:

First. The results are worth the cost. A new world of strength and achievement is opened up through the tribal life. If one man gives up something, in return he has not simply the strength of ten, but he has the strength of a hundred. Every man is as strong as the tribe.

Second. The crushing of the primitive instinct for absolute freedom of action will not be easy. The tribe will have to be strong enough to withstand disintegrating forces acting from within. The common good cannot be interfered with by the recalcitrant rebel, and so the tribe must be able to make good its authority. When it does this the sword of civilization emerges.

As men develop it becomes evident that the right of private vengeance is likely to involve more wrong than right. There is an amazing freedom in the day when every man is allowed to kill his enemy if he can. But

with all the hot blood about nobody is really safe. The man who has the privilege of killing also risks a constant danger of being killed. There is no possibility of settled life. Fighting takes the heart out of everything else. Then the advancing moral consciousness of men suggests a revolutionary change. The right of private killing is abolished. Wise men of the tribe decide on matters involving life and death. The sense of fair play of those who are not hot with anger is the deciding matter. The result is a new safety all around. What a man loses in the privilege of killing he gains in a sense of personal security. Civilization has taken another step forward.

But everybody does not want to take the step. Some surly fighting men regard the whole movement as an intolerable invasion of their rights. They feel that they are being sold into slavery if they can no longer kill. They organize a personal liberty league to defend their right to kill as they will. They scent the coming of tyranny from afar and they are ready for the fray.

Under such a condition what are the forces of advancing order going to do? Friendly

talk will accomplish nothing. The men who refuse to accept the new regime will not listen to argument. They know no authority except a power which they are afraid to resist. There are only two possibilities. One is to give up the whole forward movement and to allow the old miserable and indiscriminate killing to go on. The other is to get together force enough to compel the surly men who have set their faces against progress to accept the new order. If another step is to be taken in civilization, the sword must be drawn. Of course it is a sword in the name of order. Of course it is a sword in the name of peace. There will be very much less killing under the new regime than under the old. But the only way to introduce the better day is to be ready to fight for it. Men see this. They do fight for it. The battle is won. The new day comes. And the personal liberty to kill anybody at any time is at an end. The individual has sacrificed something, but he has gained more. The new order is worth all that it cost.

The battle is won and yet in isolated individual cases it comes up again and again. Somebody always wants to go back to the

old way. That had been true in every century. It is true now, as every murder trial witnesses. But essentially the fight is over, though civilization must always be on its guard against those who will not accept the result of the conflict.

Another problem emerges. As long as anybody can camp anywhere any night there is no possibility of permanence in dwelling places. There will be no noble buildings—there will be only those buildings which express the genius of a wandering and unsettled life. If a fine structure is to be built, there must be the possibility of permanence in possession. Men begin to dream the dream of a more settled life. So the right of property in land emerges. And another step is taken in civilization.

When you stand on Parliament Hill and look down over the city of London you see many a noble building. You see the splendid dome of Saint Paul's. You see the towers of the Parliament buildings. All the stately edifices, art galleries, palaces, centers of industry and homes are possible only because the man who builds them knows that the property will not be taken from him the

next day. Architecture is based on the permanence of land—property right. And all the other things which go with great buildings—the books, the laboratories, the very material instruments of civilization—rest at last upon this right. When this principle emerges it is necessary for the individual to surrender his right to camp anywhere. Property begins to be fenced in. It is a matter of exchange. A man has his right of property held secure and in return he treats as sacred the property rights of other men.

Looking at the matter from our present state of development, certain grave problems emerge. If ten per cent of a population own ninety per cent of the land we have serious injustice. This is not civilization. It is exploitation. There is need of wise distribution. There is need of state action to guard the rights of individuals. But this does not mean the necessity of going back to the far-off days, when the right of private property had not become a part of the organized life of man. The misuse of a principle does not mean that the principle ought to be abolished. Sometimes it ought to be extended. In this case the men who have the largest

proportion of property must make the very sacrifice, in the name of the common good, which the whole principle involves. The House of Lords used to be called the House of Landlords. A method has been found in Ireland by which the land is getting back into the hands of the people who till it. Private property is not being abolished. It is being extended.

Ultimately no doubt the state will control such properties as can best be utilized for all the citizens, through state mastery. And individual men will be allowed to own as much land as they can hold without interference with the common good. But in each case there will be a legal title and a dependable authority in control. When there is no responsible owner value itself tends to disappear. In the chaos in Russia the cars thrown off the track because there is something the matter with a wheel illustrates this very practical principle. When the conception of definite right in land arose great vistas opened for civilization.

Doubtless many nomadic men objected. They wanted to camp anywhere, at any time. They refused to admit a land property right.

What was to be done? Again there were two alternatives. On the one hand, the next step in civilization might be given up as impracticable; on the other, the men who stood against progress might be met by force which would quell their opposition. The sword of civilization might be unsheathed. The second was the inevitable step if the world was to have a future. So, despite the wish of the lovers of personal liberty to camp anywhere any night, the property right in land was established; and infinite gain was brought to the world with its establishment.

When we examine the matter closely, we find that this process of individual surrender in the name of the public good is of the very genius of advancing civilization. And the more complete civilization becomes the more thorough is the process.

In a modern city, houses must be built with regard to certain regulations as to light and air. The individual has quite lost his liberty—to build houses just as he pleases providing he owns the ground upon which the property is built. The people who live in the dwelling houses find regulations in respect of the disposal of garbage to which

they must conform with exact faithfulness. When a person is ill, and the disease is contagious, the city steps in with regulations which leave no room for personal choice. When a trolley line is given a franchise the individual citizen cannot block the whole plan with his hostility. When the community wishes to take over property for the purposes of schools, or for other public purposes, the individual must submit. These are almost random illustrations of the fact that all the while our lives are becoming more intricate and involved in the number of things which are decided for us.

It may be said that most of these plans are carried through quite without the use of force, and that they illustrate the new spirit of the new age. Here we must call to mind our distinction between force in action and potential force, between the sword thrust forth and the sword in the hand ready for war. The truth is that there is potential force back of every regulation upon which our advancing civilization insists. There are plenty of people who would violate every one of these requirements if they dared. But they know that there is force back of them.

They know that resistance will bring that force upon them. The invisible sword of civilization is doing valiant service all the while.

And very often the potential force must become actual. Somebody takes the useless and violent method of resisting, and he must receive practical demonstration that resistance is futile and dangerous. If such cases were allowed to go by with an indulgent smile, there would be more of them and more of them until every slowly won victory of civilized life at last would vanish.

All this becomes clear from another standpoint when we consider civilization in relation to its foes without, even as we have been considering it in relation to its foes within. For civilization has not been equally diffused. There have been civilized states and there have been barbarous states. And the civilized states have had to fight to keep the barbarians out.

A conspicuous example of this is seen in the Roman empire. During the famous two centuries of Roman peace the empire was fairly quiet within. In large sections of the empire there was no clash of battle. Men

were born and lived and died in the smooth quiet of orderly life. The days of battle seemed passed. Fierce conflict, as far as their personal experience was concerned, belonged to earlier and less civilized ages. But all the while beyond the river walls of the Danube and the Rhine Roman soldiers held the borders of the empire against the barbarians. The fair flower of civilization bloomed in quiet beauty because the brilliantly organized soldiers of the empire put their bodies between Rome and its wild and ferocious foes. A human wall guarded civilization from overthrow. The sword of civilization was wielded by the best-trained fighting men in the world.

And when at last, near the end of the fourth century, Roman soldiers were defeated within the bounds of the Roman empire, it was the beginning of the end. The battle of Adrianople in A. D. 398 tells the story of a human wall which had weakened, and now the walls of civilization itself began to shake. In A. D. 410 Rome had the humiliation of being sacked by Alaric. In A. D. 455 again the Imperial City was sacked by the Vandals. And in A. D. 476

the last shadowy emperor passed from the throne. So ended an epoch in human history. The barbarians made their wild and destructive way through the empire. Chaos spread over the world. The light of learning and the light of civilization waned. The Dark Ages came on. When civilization lost its power to wield a strong sword civilization itself decayed.

Now a new force emerges. Christianity stretches forth its hand to tame the barbarians. It does noble service. It begins to bring at least some measure of order out of the chaos of the world. Then in the seventh century a new danger emerges. In 622 Mohammed makes his famous journey, and for a century more Islam increases in power and menace to the Christian world. At last it seems as if the Mohammedans may conquer. They win victory after victory. Their Crescent enlarges until it seems that it may become a circle and rule all mankind. What do the Christian forces do? How do they meet the danger? In the East Constantinople resists. It fights. The city holds out against its Mohammedan foes. And in 732, when, emerging victorious from Spain, these

dread warriors seem bent upon mastering the West, Charles Martel, at the battle of Tours, drives them back and saves Europe. In the hours of terrible crisis a young Christian civilization which carries the hope of Europe in its heart has not hesitated to use the sword.

What would have happened if Constantinople had not resisted? What would have happened if Charles Martel had not gone forth to fight? Any sane student of history knows that priceless elements of civilization hung in the balance. The sword of civilization defended the very future of the race.

At a later period the powerful and martial Turks became a menace to Europe. Even in the sixteenth century the danger from them was very real. What if nobody had resisted? What if Europe had given way to their sway? It does not take a mind of unusual power to see that the Europe created by completely victorious Turks would have been a very different Europe from the one we know. And the things lost out of its life would have been those of supreme value.

When political democracy emerged as an ideal in the eighteenth century, civilization

prepared to take another great step forward. What if our forefathers in 1776 had been perfectly willing to talk and quite unwilling to fight? We know quite well that the thirteen colonies would never have become the United States of America. We know without possibility of question that this country exists simply and entirely because men were ready to fight for the principles upon which it was built.

A nation which will disintegrate under strain cannot permanently uphold the principles upon which it is founded. So when 1861 came everything for which the United States of America stood was at stake. Here the internal question emerges again. The American contribution to civilization had been made safe in spite of foes without. Could it be made safe in spite of foes within? Suppose that nobody had been willing to fight for the Union? Suppose that the unity of our national life had been surrendered without the firing of a gun. It is clear that America would have been the supreme disappointment of the ages, the greatest political failure of high hopes in all the world. Civilization must be willing to fight foes without

and foes within. Only so can it continue. Only so can it guard and guide the advancing life of the world.

To us the supreme example of all this is the great world conflict now raging. The Central Powers have turned their back upon civilization. They have conspired against the orderly life of the world. Germany has utilized a brilliant achievement in material efficiency as the basis of attacking the deepest and most sacred sanctions in the life of man. The German military policy combines a barbarous heart with a head disciplined by all the training of an advanced life. It harnesses science to the chariot of Attila. And so all the more tragically it endangers the things which give life any meaning worthy of a moral and spiritual civilization.

As in other ages, so to-day there is one right and necessary way to meet the danger. The sword of civilization must be unsheathed. It is unsheathed; and it must not be put in the scabbard again until the present barbarians, like those of other days, have become incapable of disturbing the peace of the world. Then civilization will have another task. Its organized power must be

used for all men and not for a few men. It must be the servant of all classes, and not of a few classes. When civilization becomes the servant of a group, and not of all men, it is false to its own mission. The civilization which conquers Germany must purge its own heart, and so its sword shall indeed be vindicated as the defender of all men and women and little children in all the world.

CHAPTER V

THE SWORD OF JUSTICE

ONCE there was a city where men lived together in perfect happiness and in perfect peace. There were no oppressors and there were no oppressed. There were no law courts because there were no cases at law. There were no judges because there were no complaints. This metropolis of happiness was called the City of the Golden Word. The golden word was Justice and it was written upon men's hearts.

Then a strange tragic thing happened. The golden word was lost out of men's hearts. Men began to desire that to which they had no right, and to seek by foul means what they could not get by means which were fair. They trampled upon each other remorselessly in the mad battle for fortune. Poverty entered the city. Disease spread out from unsanitary quarters. Crime stalked abroad. Law courts were busy, and even judges were sometimes corrupt. The

city which had been so happy was full of gloom. And this metropolis was called the city which had lost the golden word.

You say that there is no human city like the city of the golden word. You say that every city shares all too tragically the characteristics of the city which lost the golden word. All this is true. Justice is not enthroned in human hearts. Injustice grows as wild desire in the inner life long before it expresses itself in evil deeds. The problem of a world where injustice gets into the heart of human life, into the very place where motives are born—this is the problem we must consider when we approach the study of the sword of justice.

If there were any human city of the golden word, you would need no sword there. If joyous loyalty to the principles of justice were written in every human heart, the sword of justice would never need to be unsheathed. Justice would not have to carry a sword. Justice would need no suit of armor.

But human life offers no such simple and happy situation. It is true that there is a sense of justice in every man. It is true that

justice flings a fine ideal across every man's sky; but it is also true that selfish desire is all the while fighting the sense of justice. It is also true that what I want is all the while checking my willingness to be limited by what I ought to have. Many men surrender completely to their desires. They refuse to listen to the voice of justice. Many men live partly at the dictation of desire and partly at the dictation of justice. And many men seemingly try to put justice in command of their lives. It is in this very complex situation with all its disheartening elements that justice must do its work. While distinctions tend to be a good deal blurred by human folly and ignorance and prejudice and downright wrong-headedness, some things stand out clearly enough in the actual experience of life. There is a powerful group which believes in justice and is eager to enforce it. And this group is constantly supplemented in relation to concrete issues by those who want justice to be done at that point, though they are not so steady as to every other point. There is a powerful group which has no interest in justice. It wants success. It wants money. It wants

the gratification of the senses. It wants power. And it has no hesitations at all about the price which is to be paid. It never allows a sense of right to interfere with the gratification of any desire. This group is constantly supplemented by those who are willing to repudiate justice at some particular point, for the sake of gratifying some insistent desire, although in the main they want justice to be done. Now, frankly confessing that this is the human situation, what can be done to make justice more and more effective in the world?

Something can be done by argument. Man can be taught the inevitable fashion in which injustice comes back upon our heads at last. A large number of men who would not mind being sinners do not like to think that they are fools. And something can be done by showing them the folly of injustice. But the experience of the race along this line is not very encouraging. If anything is made clear by a fairly wide study of human life in action it is that in an enormous number of cases if men want things very badly they forget all the wise arguments and grip the object of their desire and hold it tight,

whatever the folly and aftermath of pain. Some men can be won by ethical argument, but a disconcertingly large number are quite unmoved by that method.

Something can be done by the contagion of a passionately just life. A Brighton business man used to look at the portrait of Frederick W. Robertson whenever he was tempted to forget the finer principles of justice and to indulge in a bit of clever sharp practice. The contagion of a just life is one of the finest things in all the world. It does have influence. It does produce results. It does make the world a fairer and truer and finer place.

But unfortunately this power will not solve the problem. A great many people manage to be exposed to the contagion of a large amount of goodness and to remain quite immune. Their system throws off this particular germ most easily. They go on their hard, unjust, powerful way, and they smile in cynical scorn when the just man passes by. They regard him as soft and easy, and they are glad to exploit his goodness and justice just as often as they can.

The truth is that justice makes headway in

any community and in any state when the men and women who believe in justice begin to enforce some of the fundamental principles of equity upon those who would repudiate them. It is only when the sword is unsheathed that a certain portion of society will begin to take justice seriously.

If all our law courts were transferred into stations for the free distribution of good advice, to which human culprits could come or from which they could stay away as they choose, the situation in any city would soon become intolerable. Justice as a gracious ideal leaves many men untouched. And there are enough of these men to disrupt the life of any community. Justice as a power ready to enforce its behests soon turns chaos into order, and the devotees of injustice learn to do from fear what they would never do from a sense of right.

At this point some important distinctions need to be made. Some of the darkest pages of history tell of the tragedy which comes from the wielding in the name of justice of a sword which was actually most unjust. The Inquisition, the horror of whose cruelty cannot pass from the minds of men, was

based upon a theory which was very ready to claim the banner of justice. Heresy was wrong thinking. Wrong thinking at last distorted every relationship. Therefore justice must hold men to right thinking. And the more frightful the method, the more it would discourage men from entering tragically evil ways.

Long and cruel experience taught the race that the state's administration of justice has no right to interfere with men's freedom of thought. Long and torturing experience taught the race that the state has no right to dictate a man's religion. In the first place, you have no guarantee that the state will be just. In the second, in these matters an authority enforcing itself from without and not commanding allegiance from within, does not produce any real result. The opinion or the religion accepted near the scorching fire because of fear that you will be burned does not have any permanent value. In the third place, the free development of personality upon which the whole future depends is made entirely impossible if a certain kind of thinking is forced upon men. The sword of justice can never coerce a man's

thinking or enforce upon him a particular form of religion.

But the fact that force may be misused in the name of justice by no means proves that there is no right use of force at the command of justice. Going back for a moment to the very matter of enforcing particular religious views, we find that bigotry and hard pride of opinion tend to persist in the world. How is safety to be found for the candid and earnest mind moving with noble freedom? The reply is obvious. If any man tries to coerce the thinking of another man, the state must step in and protect the victim. By its strong arm it must prevent the strong-armed man from forcing the weaker man against his best and most honest judgment. The sword of justice cannot be used to enforce an opinion. But it can and it ought to be used to prevent the bigot from crushing the freedom to think of the people among whom he lives.

The state must secure freedom of thought, and within reasonable limits it must enforce freedom of expression. It is important that we should recognize these limits. If a man of curiously magnetic personality carries on

a religious propaganda one of whose articles is that wives should forsake their husbands and go off to a religious community which he is founding, you have a situation of which the state may have to take cognizance. As long as everybody regards him as a harmless fool, it may be possible to ignore him. But if he becomes effective in his propaganda and women in every direction begin to leave their homes, you have reached the limit of patience. The force of the state must be used to bring his propaganda to an end. General safety and orderly life are endangered by his activities.

Whenever the fundamental ethical principles are undermined by a particular form of propaganda the state has a right to bring that propaganda to an end.

In time of war, when all the forces of the nation are being mobilized for effective defense, voices which would weaken the arm of every soldier, and take the courage and loyalty out of every citizen become a menace which cannot be tolerated. The very life of the state is involved. And in self-protection it has the right to force disloyal voices to be silent. Freedom of speech does not mean

license to disintegrate the state. And the sword of justice can be called forth to protect the structure without which no administration of justice is possible. In all this, however, the fullest personal life of the individual must be guarded, and the state itself must face the grave responsibility of representing a cause which will finally justify all its call upon the loyalty of its citizens. The sword of justice does not attempt to deal with men's thought or their opinions. But when these opinions emerge and affect faithfulness to fundamental social relationships, then justice has something to say about their expression. In time of peace well developed states will act on the principle that it is better to err on the side of leniency than on the side of strictness in this regard. In a great war, when civilization itself is at stake, inevitably lines are drawn more tightly. Too much is at stake to run any risks.

The latter part of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries witnessed a remarkable and far-reaching movement in all the civilized world. It is usually called the Industrial Revolution. Men attained such control of the forces of nature as had never entered

as a possibility into the human mind before. They harnessed the powers of the world to do the will of man. The age of machinery had arrived. The steam engine is only one typical and outstanding example of the inventions which transformed the life of man. Now this revolution in method produced a revolution in life. The owners of the factories and of the machines became vastly wealthy. The workers gathered about great manufacturing establishments in large centers often lived in extreme poverty and wretchedness. The factories were often most dangerous and unsanitary. The homes of the workers were often breeding places of disease. Gradually in the minds of men of good will there arose the consciousness of the need of a new application of justice. The day of the beginning of the long fight for industrial justice had arrived.

In this conflict tremendous things have already been accomplished. And in this conflict an enormous amount remains to be done. Sometimes in our sense of the unfinished tasks we scarcely realize how much is already to the credit of those who have been applying the principles of justice to indus-

trial conditions. Legislation regarding the condition of factories and houses, in respect of sanitation, legislation regarding the length of hours of labor and the work of women and children, legislation which has given standing room to the men who are employed as well as to the employers—all these laws represent actual progress in matters of industrial justice.

It has been a stern fight. It continues to be a stern fight. And back of the legislation in the name of industrial justice there must be the unhesitating force of the state if the legislation is to be enforced. Mild and friendly recommendations that factories be built and machinery be installed in such a fashion as to reduce the risks of the workers to a minimum are absolutely without effect. Only when these principles are carved into legislation and the full force of the executive is put behind them do they prove effective. Without the sword of justice industrial legislation proves worthless. The man who breaks the law must be brought sharply to account. The penalty must be unhesitatingly administered. Then the world begins to be made safe for the industrial worker.

Here again it is true that potential as well as actual force is involved. Many a man keeps the injunctions involved in factory legislation not because he has been sent to prison for previous violations, but because he knows that the hand of the law is ready to seize him if he refuses to obey. The knowledge that the state is ready to act makes it unnecessary in a vast number of cases that the state should act. Men quietly accept and keep the laws. The whole future of the men who work with their hands depends upon the state's readiness to use the sword of justice in order to enforce industrial legislation.

Sometimes the men who were the official representatives of justice have failed to be just. Sometimes the very forms and instruments of the law have been used to thwart the ends of industrial justice. When this has happened there has grown up an intense and natural bitterness of mind among the workers. And sometimes they have made a very great mistake in their thinking. Sometimes they have said: "If this is law, let us have no law. If courts have failed to give us justice, let us overthrow the courts."

This is like killing a man to cure a boil. The boil will come to an end, but so will the man. To tear down the whole structure of civilization because we have suffered injustice is to produce a situation where there will be no justice. Anarchy is never a remedy for the failure to enforce law. Anarchy is never a remedy for maladministration. You cannot cure an infection by injecting poison into every part of the body. The remedy for bad laws is good laws. The remedy for insufficient enforcement of laws is the consistent and faithful enforcement of laws. The remedy for maladministration is right administration. It is sheer ethical delirium to try to do away with law because it can be misused. It is as if a man should refuse to use a knife all his life because he was cut with a knife when he was a boy. It is as if a man should refuse to drink after partaking of bad water. It is as if he should refuse to eat after an attack of ptomaine poisoning.

The sword of justice is never more needed than in cases where there has been the use of the very instruments of the law to defeat the purposes of the law. The state must rise in its full regal strength. It must find the cul-

prits, and so heavily must they be made to feel the hand of forceful intervention, that they and like-minded men give up their conspiring against justice in complete despair of its ever being a success. The sword of justice must make legal injustice impossible.

That force has been misused in the name of law, only proves that against those who have perpetrated the wrong a stronger force must be brought. Then such tactics will come to an end. Then such methods will vanish from the society which has shown itself too just and too strong to tolerate them.

In the very nature of the case as long as there is conscienceless selfishness and strong bad will in the world it will be ready to turn every institution to its own evil purposes if there is any chance of success. And the more august and powerful the institution, the greater the state, the more alluring the temptation to exploit it for bad ends. If a fortress gets into the hands of the enemy, he can fight better than without that strong fortification. Does that mean that we ought to do without forts? As a matter of fact the greater the possibilities of an institution for

good, the greater its possibilities for evil if it gets under the wrong control. And the remedy is not to destroy the institution but to get it under right control. The sword of justice must be used to keep our great institutions the servants of justice.

Our loyalty to our own land should be inspected from this point of view. There is no doubt of the fact that patriotism can be misused. It can be capitalized in the name of a false and evil movement of a nation. And because this is true some people reach the curious conclusion that patriotism ought to be abolished from the earth. On this principle love ought to be banished from the earth. Untold numbers of innocent girls have been made victims by men who won their devotion and then betrayed them. Shall we say, then, that all the uplifting influence of fine and noble devotion between men and women ought to be cast away? If the fact that a thing can be used ignobly condemns it, then there is nothing noble in the world. If the fact that a feeling may be misused is a basis for repudiating it, then there is no noble feeling in the world. It is clear when we think for a moment that what we must do

with patriotism is not to banish it, but to keep it pure and lofty. What we must do with the love of country is to wed it with the love of justice. The sword of justice is to free patriotic feeling from lust and sordidness, and make it a desire for the best things for our own land in order that we may help to give the best to all the world. Such patriotism is one of the finest assets of the human race.

The men who have fought against industrial injustice and the exploiting of patriotism for the selfish ends of certain groups sometimes reach a strange and tragic state of mind. They come to the place where they confuse the issue and think of the whole employing group as guilty of the worst things they can lay at the doors of any employer. Then they confuse the issue still further by assuming that anything which the employing group wants must be bad for the workers. Such a position is simple nonsense when you come to analyze it. It is true that an employer may not feel like increasing wages because his business is successful, but at least it is a good deal more feasible for him to increase wages when the business is success-

ful. At this point the interests of employer and employed are one. You cannot increase wages by ruining the business.

Some eager and honest men have been misled regarding the present war by the very confusion of which we have been speaking. They see that the vested interests approve of the war. Therefore they are tempted to think it is a bad war. Now, of course, big business men want the sea to be a safe and orderly place for trade. Of course the captains of industry want the world to be a safe and dependable world for commerce. And at this point what they want is what everybody should want. The interests of investors and workers are one. Every principle of civilization widely observed will make great business enterprises easier. And also the same principle will increase that prosperity which must be shared by all men. There is nothing sinister about a wheat magnate wanting a good crop of wheat. There may be something sinister about the way in which he uses the crop after it is gathered. There is nothing sinister about big business desiring the Allies to be victorious in this war. Men may be tempted to misuse the victory;

but that does not mean that victory is a bad thing for the world.

Here again the sword of justice must come in. First it must be put at the disposal —as it is being put at the disposal—of those who are fighting for a safe and orderly world. Then when victory is won on the battlefield, the sword of justice must secure such a use of victory as shall mean a world of fair play for small men as well as large, among all civilized nations and on out through the world.

If we are afraid of power because it can be misused, if we are afraid of victory because moral problems will emerge with victory, if we are afraid of responsibility because responsibility may bring temptation as well as opportunity, we are not fit for the adventure of life. Justice must wield the sword, and so shall we be worthy of power and victory and responsibility.

CHAPTER VI

THE SWORD OF BROTHERHOOD

"One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down."

So wrote that musical poet Arthur O'Shaughnessey. When you first read these lines you are caught by the contagion of their singing lyric rapture. Then you begin to think about them. And you begin to think about life. You remember the long tale of human striving and of human achievement, and you know as you think over it all that the dreamer and the singers have been among the most powerful people in all the world. They have carried the banners other men have followed. They have put a new passionate purpose into men's hearts. And men have been loyal to it through life and death.

Now, of all the dreams that men have ever dreamed for man the finest and the best has been the dream of brotherhood. In the

midst of the tragic turmoil of hostile men and hostile races, deep-seeing men of vision have dared to believe in a day of radiant human friendliness. They have dared to think of the human race as a family and not as a collection of hostile and hating men ready to leap at each other's throats. They have dared to believe in the reign of noble and serving good will among the children of men. In dark places and in dark ages they have held aloft the light of their friendly ideal. Life has rushed madly and tempestuously past them. But somehow men have not been able to forget the brightness in their eyes and the luminous torches they have held in their hands.

In some respects the world to-day seems a contradiction of this dream. All the marvelous energies of the civilization are organized for slaughter. The earth trembles to the marching of armies. The surface of the sea is dotted with ships bearing thousands on thousands of fighting men. In the depth of the sea the submarines lurk, veritable monsters of the deep leaving a trail of death behind them. The air carries argosies of flying craft, each bent on its work of destruction.

Men are thinking in the terms of conflict. They are feeling in the terms of conflict. They are acting in the terms of conflict. A sweeping glance over the world might seem to indicate that brotherhood had utterly perished in a reign of violence.

A little closer inspection, however, reveals the fallacy involved in this conclusion. Despite the fury of the world war—no, more profoundly than that, because of the fury of the world war—a new sense of brotherhood has come into the hearts of men and women. You find indications of it everywhere. In every home and in almost every place of public resort you see women knitting sweaters and stockings for men whom they never have seen and whom they never will see. In busy centers in every town you see an eager activity which reminds you of a veritable beehive. Red Cross workers are making bandages for men whose names they have never heard and will never know. Vast fortunes are poured out for the Young Men's Christian Association work in the camps and at the front, for all the activities of the Red Cross, and for the particular army ministries of the various churches.

Such giving is amazing and is monumental in its significance. Hard pressed business men and busy pastors are leaving their demanding tasks to work in army camps and at the front. Multitudes of young women are being trained and are going out as nurses. A perfect passion of self-forgetfulness is sweeping through the hearts of the people. To speak particularly of our own land, the United States of America comes nearer to being one big family of brothers and sisters than it has been in all its history. The country in which we lived in Nineteen Fourteen was not the country in which we live in June of Nineteen Eighteen. Shuddering and anxious in the presence of a common danger, we have found each other in a new sense of brotherhood. Sternly gathering our energies for the great inevitable task, we have looked into each other's eyes and have found something to love and believe in and depend upon which we did not know before. Most men would be ashamed of many of the motives which guided them in Nineteen Fourteen. Most women would find a distaste for the narrow circle of their interests before the war. Doors have been

opened before our men and women which we supposed were fastened so that they could not be opened. And so the doors of brotherhood have swung apart in wide and friendly welcome.

The same thing has happened among the soldiers. The army camps are not only training schools in military efficiency, they are training schools in comradeship. Many well-made young fellows have gone to the cantonments with an unconscious belief that the world moved around their own interesting persons. They have liked to be in the center of the picture. They have been unhappy if they were not fairly close to that spot. They did not at all realize how selfish they were.

The army camp has wrought a transformation in these men. They have discovered the other fellows. They have discovered the meaning of comradeship. They have learned to forget themselves in the life of the group. They have learned to accept hardship with a smile, and to meet ugly situations with a reassuring American grin. They have learned to be happy in spite of circumstances, and to love each other with a

simple, manly devotion all the more powerful because it was so rugged and virile, so afraid of sentimentality that it has rarely expressed itself in words. The soldiers have found something bigger than themselves. And as together they fight, their brotherhood becomes one of the rarest and finest things in all the world.

A young fellow graduated not so long ago from one of our American colleges. He was keen and able and resourceful. He was well equipped and well trained and sure of himself. And he was thinking about himself. He believed that a good deal of money could be made in America. He was quite sure of it, for his eyes and his ears had not been idle. He made up his mind that he would have his share of that money. And it would be a large share. He put all his brain to the task. He was not thinking of other people. He was not thinking of the tragic needs of great masses of men. He was thinking of how quickly and how effectively he could carve a place for himself in the business world. He was prepared to take hard blows. He was prepared to give blows—and all for himself. Then came the war. At first he was

inclined to think of it as another financial opportunity. But something began to happen inside him. The sense of the world's pain began to move into his heart. He was conscripted. He took his training in one of the great cantonments. He went to France. He discovered the soul of France. That was not hard to discover, for the soul of France was shining in the eyes of soldiers, and in the faces of brave women everywhere. It was like a baptism into such a life as he had never conceived. He gave himself with noble abandon to the enterprise. He found something so big and so great that it swept his petty and selfish schemes clear out of his mind. He had discovered a new meaning in life. He had discovered new qualities in men. He forgot himself in the thought of others. He became a brother—a fighting brother—a sort of wonderful Franciscan of the sword.

There have been many of this fighting young man. And life has been made over for them. Of course they do not represent the spirit of all or of most of our young fellows who are in the war. They are not typical—as significant as they are.

Another young fellow graduated from one of our American colleges. All his years had been a training in noble idealism. His home had been a center of service for the community. His mother had been a fine incarnation of self-forgetfulness. He had gone through college with an eye on human values. He had elected courses which would give him a deeper understanding of practical human needs, and how to meet them. He wanted to give his life to help. And he did not feel sure of the way. He was eager and friendly and ready for sacrifice, but life was like a book he had read rather than an experience of his own. He felt like a lad standing on the bank of the stream rather than a swimmer breasting the current. He did not know just what to do next.

Then came the war. This young graduate too found himself in the ranks. He came to know men as he had never known them before. He came to understand the human battles in a way quite new to him. There gradually grew up a shrewd, clear-cut understanding of the way in which things must be done when you are trying to help actual men. Then he too made the discovery

of the deep inarticulate brotherhood of the camps and of the fighting front. His idealism had been tried as by fire, and the pure gold of it gleamed brightly when it came out of the furnace. He had been a brother and a bit of a visionary before the war began. Now he was a brother with no illusions and with a deep and gripping human understanding; a dreamer who had come down from the clouds and had kept his dream.

There are many of this young man, and they are a part of our glory. They are hardly common enough to call them typical. But they have a spirit the love of which is deep in all our hearts; and on the whole there is rather more practical idealism in America than the world knows.

Another boy went to the war. He was not a college man. He was neither consumingly selfish nor heartily and constantly unselfish. He had moods of splendid self-forgetfulness. He had moods of very definite selfishness. He had not entirely found himself. Sometimes he was on the side of the angels. Sometimes he was on the side on which angels never fight.

The war reached forth stern hands and

held him tight. He went through all the process of discipline. He touched other men in a new and intimate understanding way. He found such friendships as he had not known before. He found a new meaning to life. He went to France and poured forth his life in devoted faithful service. He could not talk very well. He did not think so very clearly. But he knew that he had found a cause. He knew that his country and the world had a meaning he had never suspected. And when he gave his life it was with a sense of brotherhood with those who offer themselves for the remaking of the world.

There are multitudes of this young man. And in the war they are discovering the meaning of brotherhood.

To be sure, this does not tell the whole story. And it does not tell clearly the decisive part of the story. So we must come now to the very heart of the matter. This present war must be won if there is to be such a thing as ethical brotherhood in the world. In this sense it is a war for brotherhood, and in this sense the Allies' sword is the sword of brotherhood. You can use force as the servant of ethical principles. That is

what the Allies are doing. You can use force as a substitute for ethical principles. That is what the Central Powers are doing. And there is as vast a difference as that between day and night in these two ways of using force. In the one case you are building the world about noble ideals with a strong right arm to defend them. In the other case you are building the world about a strong right arm which worships its own strength and acknowledges no ideal higher than its own power.

The poison at the heart of the theory in command of the German activity during the war lies just here. The only standard is success. The only authority is efficiency. If a moral scruple stands between you and achievement, crush the scruple and achieve. If a spiritual ideal stands between you and a certain accomplishment, crush the scruple and go on to accomplish the object of your desire. Success is its own justification. Victory is its own defense. Not the method but the goal is important. Morality, humanity, religion may be, must be trampled upon if they get in the way of the chance of success.

Now, this whole conception of life is the

antithesis of brotherhood. This whole view of statecraft is the contradiction of a great friendly life for the world. It inevitably leads to the enthronement of treachery, the apotheosis of lies, and the worship of remorseless cruelty. The war against these things is a war for brotherhood. The war against the nations holding these views and acting upon them is a war in the name of the ultimate friendliness of the nations. The war against these principles is a war for the most sacred sanctions of human life. You must conquer organized lust if virtue is to have a place in the world. You must conquer organized treachery if faithfulness is to have a place in the world. You must conquer organized hatred if brotherhood is to have a place in the world.

Here we come again upon the outstanding contrast between the world policy of Great Britain and the world policy of Germany. Great Britain has far-flung colonial power. Great Britain possesses a marvelous mastery of the sea. But the colonies of Great Britain are all the while moving toward a larger and fuller life of their own. And Great Britain's mastery of the seas means the free-

dom of the seas. There has been an increasing ethical and political idealism in England's colonial policy and in its sense of its mission in the world. Its career has not been spotless. It has fallen and torn its garments sometimes. But it has been climbing. And its eyes have seen a vision, never long forgotten, of the heights. Missionaries like to work under the British flag. The British flag is moving—not always rapidly, but in a very definite way—toward brotherhood.

On the contrary, German power means the bending of life to the hard and mechanical German standards. It means the enthronement of those lawless principles by which Germany has achieved its place in the sun. The lack of noble idealism is just the thing which strikes you as you survey the driving motive of German policy. The defeat of Germany means the overthrow of the greatest contemporary foe of brotherhood. The victory of the Allies means a new opportunity for brotherhood in the world.

We by no means mean to suggest that the end of the war will mean a complete and a triumphant introduction of brotherhood into the world. When a patient has an attack

of typhoid fever the first thing you must do is to go through all the process of driving the fever out of the system. That is fundamental. There is no possible use in talking of any future for the patient until the fever is conquered. But that does not mean that as soon as the fever goes the patient becomes an athlete. He is far from that. He is weak and dependent and there must be a process of convalescence. When the fever which the ambition of Germany has put into the organism of the world has been driven out, we shall not escape the period of world-wide convalescence. And while the patient is recovering there may be signs of irritability. We will not expect the recovering world to be a strong and vigorous athlete at once. It will be much to know that the poison is out of the system. It will be much to know that with restored health there will be a new possibility of brotherhood in the world. So the patient will be nursed back to health, and men in quiet good cheer will set about the detailed tasks of bringing in the new day.

The principle at the heart of all this may be very simply and clearly put. Whenever

organized unbrotherliness tries to conquer the world, the sword of brotherhood must be unsheathed in order to make the world safe for friendliness. The conflict may be sternly hard and terribly long. But it must be fought out in the name of brotherliness itself.

At this point again the insistent suggestion of the sentimental idealist emerges. Is there not an easier way? Is there not a nobler way? If we just go on being brotherly, will not hatred become ashamed of its fierceness and turn tender? If we accept exploitation with humble hearts will not the exploiter become ashamed and give us justice? The answer is that he will not. He will despise us for our friendly smile and go on doing deeds of cruelty. If you smile into the face of a wild beast as it leaps upon you, expecting your friendly smile to conquer the hard heart of that wild beast, you will only prove that you are laboring under a misapprehension as to the nature of wild beasts. The forces of brotherhood must be obviously and effectively stronger than the unbrotherly forces, if brotherhood is to have a real place in the world. Goodness must be

strong if goodness is to be kept from losing its place in the life of man.

When the complete and assured victory is won over the forces of organized unbrotherliness a new question emerges. What is to be the attitude of victorious brotherliness toward the unbrotherly powers among men? The answer is rather more easy to state than to realize in action. To think through such a problem is easier than to live up to the demands made by its proper solution.

Victorious brotherhood will carefully protect itself from the possibility of the renewal of the conflict by the unbrotherly forces which it has conquered. It will take such measures as will insure its safety from future outbreaks of malignant unbrotherliness.

But victorious brotherhood will not extort a terrible price of vengeance. It will not trample in wild and lawless triumph upon the foe whom it has conquered. And as soon as its foe has ceased to be dangerous, brotherhood will begin to make a place for that foe in the renewed and rebuilt structure of the world.

The sword of brotherhood is finally vindicated by its use in the hour of victory. It is

not turned into an oppressor's sword. It is held in the hand of a friend. Some men cannot be trusted with victory. Some nations cannot be trusted with victory. The finest and highest test of which a nation or a group of nations may prove worthy is the test of success.

Brotherhood fights right sternly and loyally until the hour of complete victory. Then it builds up the broken walls of life and is not content until its enemy is made its friend.

Sometimes this test seems to demand more than human nature can give. Sometimes it does demand more than human nature can give. Then human nature must be reenforced by that far-moving power which since an ancient day when a Man was executed upon Golgotha has been renewing and transforming men. Brotherhood is not afraid to draw the sword. Brotherhood is not afraid to fight. But in the hour of victory it remembers Calvary, and the hand which might become the instrument of vengeance becomes the hand which, like the hand pierced through by the nail that fastened it to the cross, knows how to forgive.

The gleaming ideal of brotherhood is to be kept shining before our eyes. It is to be kept burning in our hearts. We are to be loyal to it. We are to live in the light of it. We are to unsheath the sword in the name of it. We are to do battle for it, and in the name of it, if need be, life itself is to be offered up. And with the deathlessness of the spiritual verities it is to rise from the grave of those who die, and dwell in the hearts of those who live, and is to be the presiding genius in the days when men rebuild the world.

CHAPTER VII

THE SWORD OF CHRIST

"I SUPPOSE we have got to fight, but at any rate let us leave religion out of it; for, of course, there is no such a thing as a Christian sword." So spoke a man of a good deal of sincerity and of deep religious feeling, who was being drawn along against his will by the rapid currents of the life of the time. He did not realize that his words were an attack on Christianity. He did not realize that if Christianity is not able to interpret to men the greatest crisis of history and to guide them through it, then there is something the matter with Christianity. He did not realize that if we must leave Christ behind as we go out to meet the stern demand to clear the world for a better day, then we are without a leader when we need one as never before. A certain college boy saw the issue of this sort of thinking a little more clearly, and put it very much more bluntly, when he said, "I'll try to be a Christian when I come back from Europe. Now I've got to help to win this

war." As a matter of fact, if a man met and went through the supreme crisis of his life quite apart from the support and leadership of Christ, and with a constant sense that Christ had no message of help to give in such a crisis, it is pretty clear that the Christ from whom he would receive nothing then could scarcely command him later. If he came to feel that his whole conception of Christianity had been wrong, he might turn to it later. But if he kept his view of a Christ who cannot gird men for righteous warfare, he would not be likely to turn to the leader who had failed him, at the end of the war.

So we will not deny for a moment our own sense of tremendous issues at stake as we face the question of the relation of Christianity to the use of war, for we are meeting in a very concrete form a test of the adequacy of the claim of Christianity to give men support and strength in every crisis of life. If in the unescapable experiences of life a man may be confronted by the necessity of doing something upon which he cannot ask Christ's blessing, the defender of Christianity confronts a very ugly and a very disconcerting situation.

The philosophical advocate of peace at any price will at once declare that the dilemma does not actually exist. Men should follow the behests of Christ and not the war-mad demands of the time. When men see that Christ will never bless those who go forth to fight, they will refuse to be soldiers, and then war will cease. This cause, like any other great cause, must have martyrs, and so that the better day may be brought in. This contention can be made only by a sheltered and academic thinker whose mental processes are carried on absolutely apart from the hard and ugly and disillusioning facts of life. How far this sort of thinking will carry a man from all the realities of life is illustrated by a conversation between a very ardent and logical pacifist and a man of practical common sense.

"Would you have fought for the Independence of the colonies in 1776?" asked the practical man.

"Not if I had been a Christian who understood the actual demands of my religion," was the reply.

"Would you have fought for the Union in the Civil War?" asked the practical man.

"Not if I had been a Christian who understood the commands of Christ."

"Would you resist a highwayman who attacked you in the night on a lonely road?"

"Not if I am a Christian."

"If your wife and children were attacked and the honor of your wife and the life of your children were at stake, would you lift up your arm in their defense, and if you had a gun would you use it to protect them?"

"Not if I am a Christian," was the definite reply.

The logic of the position of final and complete devotion to the principles of nonresistance comes out fully and unmistakably here. And it is a logic no man can accept and retain his ethical sanity. It is a contradiction of the very nature of ethics in the name of a supposed ethical demand.

But even so the contention that being loyal to this principle would end war is an assertion based upon a deadly fallacy. The fallacy lies in the assumption that if the majority of people refuse to defend themselves, by some curious magic this disarms those who attack them. As a matter of fact, in a country with ten million nonresisters and ten

thousand willful men who had no scruples against attacking them the most dreadful and far-reaching havoc could be wrought. The ten thousand would rob and ravish and work their awful and lawless will. Seeing that no one interfered with them, the spirit of lawlessness would breed in other lives. More deeds of shame, more deeds of violence would follow. The taking away of restraint would release all the untamed evil and lawlessness in the land. The dreaming idealism which assumes that you disarm a determined foe by refusing to fight him simply reveals its incapacity to see clearly the most ordinary facts with regard to the selfishness and evil which make a place for themselves in human life. Only in a world which had no men of determined ill will would nonresistance be practicable. Only in a world where selfishness never led men to cruel deeds would nonresistance be feasible. In the world in which we live good will is safe only when it is definitely and effectively stronger than ill will. If Christianity commands its adherents never to defend themselves against attacking evil, it is running straight against the facts of life.

Now, to be sure, the question is not what we want Christianity to demand; the question is what Christianity does command. The appeal is not to our wishes in the matter; the appeal is to the facts of the case. We proceed to make the appeal, and we make it without hesitation. When we turn to the Bible we find just what we should expect. It comes out of human life. It answers to the facts of human life. And no candid view of the whole teaching of the whole Bible leaves us in the slightest doubt. The Bible is not a pacifistic literature.

If we begin with the Old Testament, it is fairly alive with the consciousness that God is in the fight with those who battle for righteousness. It is in his strength that his people go to war. It is in his strength that they return victorious. He gives them triumph and it is in his might that they trust. There is one important distinction between the Old Testament view and the view of the typical Semitic religion. To the characteristic Semite your God was with you all the time. He was with you whatever the issues. The Deity if he stopped to think of moral matters at all might be conceived of as saying,

"My people, may they always be in the right. But my people right or wrong."

It was not so in Israel. The prophets have the sharpest rebuke for those who think of Jehovah as a Deity on whom they can depend whatever their character. Jehovah is with them when they are right. He is against them when they are wrong. He is their God, but he is a God with a character. And his people must choose righteousness and follow it if they are to have his favor. Amos, the fiery prophet of the eighth century, utters all this with overwhelming emphasis. Just because God has chosen his people they are all the more responsible. Just because he is their God it is all the more necessary that they obey the behests of righteousness. If he punishes the nations for loving evil, all the more will he punish those to whom he has revealed his righteous character if they follow dark and bad and wicked ways. To the Old Testament, God is a warrior. But all wars are not God's wars; and if Israel goes forth rebelliously upon evil wars, Jehovah will bring about their defeat. The very genius of the Old Testament is found in this placing of

righteousness above everything else. To the typical Semite for a tribe to be defeated was a reflection upon its god. To Israel, instructed by the great ethical prophets, for the people to be defeated because they had entered upon an unrighteous war, was to reflect glory on a God who caused supremacy for righteousness.

The Old Testament is a warrior's book. It echoes with the noise of contending armies. It is full of episodes in the contention which marks the ages with their fierce alarms. God is a warrior God. He is always fighting against the evil. He is always fighting for the good.

Probably most of what we have said regarding the Old Testament will be conceded. But the advocate of nonresistance will declare that all this belongs to an early and barbarous stage of human life. The Old Testament has been succeeded by the gospel. The religion of war has been succeeded by the religion of concord. Jehovah may be the God of battles; Jesus Christ is the Prince of Peace. A man who lives in the Old Testament may be a fighter; a man who lives in the New Testament must put away the sword.

There may be a sword of Jehovah; there is no sword of Christ.

Here we come to the heart of the matter. And now we proceed to examine the relation of the New Testament and the religious life reflected in it, of Christ and the religion which he founded, to the use of force.

The best place to begin is on the Saturday evening which followed the crucifixion. Jesus had lived his life of amazing stainless unselfishness. It was the greatest adventure of gracious friendliness the world had ever known. It was the most winsome gift of love to men into which a life ever had been fashioned. Jesus was all the while finding men sad and leaving them glad. He was all the while finding men sick and leaving them well. He was all the while finding men crippled and leaving them sound and whole. He found men blind and left them seeing. He even found men dead and left them alive. There seemed no end to the wonder of his gracious ministry. Once and again he fed great multitudes. He quieted the storm-tossed sea and mastered nature to save human lives. And his power was the expression of an infinitely gracious personality.

He was the best sort of a friend and the finest sort of a comrade. Little children clambered about his person unchecked, and crowds of people pressed upon him with joyous affection. He was all the while summoning people to be better. He was all the while alluring people to be stronger. His words were like outstretched welcoming arms offering men the freedom of the city of God. Love perfect and unadulterated at last looked out of human eyes. Love radiant and eager at last commanded a human voice. And human hands and feet were for once in the world the constant servants of a heart of purest love. His whole life was one long invitation to men to be friends with God.

And what happened to him? He was rejected. What happened to love? Love was crucified. There was a real response to this glorious adventure of affection, but there was also cold hostility. There was angry jealousy. There was also malignant evil. And it grew and grew until it fastened Jesus to the cross.

Those who loved Jesus and had believed in his adventure of unselfish goodness came into

an experience of sad disillusionment. They saw his foes increase in number and angry hatred until they hounded him to his death. He had seemed to open a new door of hope to the world. That door closed with a bang. He seemed to promise a new type of victorious life among men. But the forces against him triumphed and had their will with him. It was not simply that Jesus was dead. Everything for which he had stood was discredited by his death. Unselfishness was revealed in a state of curious impotency. Nobility was revealed in a state of pitiable weakness. Love was revealed as the helpless victim of strong and cruel hatred. Goodness itself was discredited in a world where incarnate goodness had been crucified. So on the Saturday night after the crucifixion the friends of Jesus had reached the depth of a tragic and terrible experience. They no longer had hopes. They only had memories. The sun had set upon all the gracious dreams which Jesus had called into being. Ugly and cynical and hard and selfish and cruel was the world in which they must live out their lives. Like lead upon their hearts came the dull and heavy realization that the hope

of goodness itself had perished when Jesus was crucified.

If that had been all, we would never have heard of Jesus Christ. If that had been all there would be no Christian religion. Love as a tender, friendly, noble sentiment had been completely discredited. If that was the last word, it meant the signing of the death warrant of the fairest moral and spiritual hopes of the world.

But that was not the last word. Something did happen. Sunday morning a dead Man came forth from the grave. Sunday morning God reached his hand of power into the tomb and life triumphed over death. Victorious, vital, powerful, Jesus walked about the world again. Love as a sentiment was now supplemented by love as a power. Jesus the victim had become Jesus the conqueror. Ideal principles had been supplemented by a great deed of power. The very force of omnipotence had conquered death, and it was seen that the love which submitted to the cross was the love which had unspeakable power in its hands.

From the resurrection dates the triumphant career of Christianity in the world. The

Man who was so powerful that he would not stay dead was the basis of the proclamation which swept multitudes into the Christian Church. Christianity as a friendly idealism unsupported by the appeal to tremendous and weighty force had failed. Christianity with force which was back of the resurrection at the heart of it, went forth to conquer the world. As a religion of principles alone it lacked dynamic. As a religion of principles supplemented by powerful facts it released invincible powers in the world.

Curiously enough, the validity of the fundamental point of this argument is unaffected by the historicity of the resurrection. Even the man who refuses to admit that the resurrection actually occurred must admit that when men believed that it had occurred it put an unutterable momentum of victory into the Christian religion. To the man who accepts the resurrection the power of this argument is overwhelming. Those prophets of an ethereal religion who insists that Christianity is a matter of exquisite invisible loyalties unrelated to hard facts forget the resurrection. The fundamental appeal which changed the cross from a symbol of

defeat to a symbol of victory is an appeal to the greatest deed of force of which the world has ever heard. Christianity appeals to facts as well as to principles. It appeals to an expression of hard and concrete power on the field of history as well as to noble invisible ideals. It appeals to a force which is stronger than the cruelty which crucified Jesus. Over against the bad fact of the cross it puts the good fact of the resurrection.

At this point probably some one rises to say that all this is true, but that it does not carry us very far. The resurrection was the expression of a force which brought a dead Man to life; it was not the expression of a force which killed a live man, and this second matter represents the great problem.

We will proceed, then, to go farther. The early church after the day of Pentecost was the most gloriously innocent and noble organism of unselfish love one can imagine. The afflatus of a new view of life and a new experience of the love of God lifted men quite out of themselves. They lived for each other. They lived for God. The level of life was lifted to heights of noble and spontaneous devotion quite dazzling even in retro-

spect. In upon this devoted company of men, living in noble and unselfish devotion, came a calculating man and a selfish woman. They had observed the naïve and innocent and guileless goodness of the company of Christians. A bold, bad thought came to them. They would exploit this unsuspecting and unselfish goodness for their own purposes. They would take advantage of this tender and innocent friendliness for their selfish ends. The dilemma produced by this situation brought into clear light a difficult problem. Was there any police power in an organism of unselfish love? Could it protect itself from malignant evil? Any organism must be able to defend itself from poison injected from without as a condition of its own continuous life and adequate functioning. Could the Christian Church do this? Or would it inevitably be the victim of any acute and clever rogue who was willing to exploit its gentle friendliness?

The book of Acts records the outcome of the situation. That gentle love which was all forgiveness and all tenderness in the presence of penitence suddenly became a flaming sword. There was such moral electricity in

the early church, such a cutting and victorious power of goodness, that the sheer impact of it broke the will and ended the life of Ananias and Sapphira. Caught in the moral horror of their deed, they lay dead before the church they had tried to deceive by their cynical selfishness. The episode of Ananias and his wife does not suggest a weak and effeminate goodness unable to protect itself. It brings us face to face with a moral force with which it is unwise for an evil man to tamper.

When we come to the teaching of Jesus we are confronted by one tremendous and inescapable fact. With sad, stern finality he taught the doctrine of hell. So far from believing in the doctrine of the moral and spiritual invincibility of the friendly smile, he taught that even in the final universe malignant evil would have to be restrained by the sheer force of Almighty God.

Now, if a man believes that in the ultimate universe all personalities will surrender to the glorious and winning appeal of the smile of God, this man may with some consistency declare that we ought to begin to practice the power of ethical friendliness more fully here

and now. If human nature is structurally so made that it cannot resist friendly goodness, then the sooner we accept the solution of applying friendly goodness to every problem, the better. The Universalist position is, of course, Calvinism turned upside down. It believes that all men are foreordained to goodness. It believes in an invincible grace applied to everybody. Plainly, such a position has genuine points of contact with pacifism. But it has no points of contact with the teaching of Jesus. With words torn with a sense of tragedy and terrible in their consciousness of the far-reaching issues, he taught that in the ultimate universe there will be personalities so finally bent on resistance that only the force of the Almighty will can restrain them.

Without doubt a great deal which is cruel and brutal and unchristian has been said and taught about hell. Cast all that aside. And when you have done this the very minimum you have left, unless you emasculate the teaching of Jesus and the apostles, is that a final set of the will against goodness and against God will make inevitable a forcible restraint of evil personalities in the ulti-

mate universe. Now, how anybody supposes that man can do in time, by means of the friendly smile, what, according to the teaching of Jesus, God himself cannot do in eternity, is beyond the reach of any sound mind.

The truth is that Jesus's whole view of the ultimate universe incorporates force for the control of malignant evil. And, of course, he could not have supposed man able to do in time what God cannot do in eternity.

We are dealing here not with a philosophy of hell, but with Jesus's attitude toward the matter of force. We may admit that a man who excludes force from his theory of life may have his philosophical reasons, but he has no right to claim the authority of Christ. That authority simply belongs on the other side of the controversy.

Jesus not only recognized it as inevitable that force would have a place in the ultimate universe, but he saw clearly that the energies released by his coming would intensify the conflict between good and evil in the world. This he put into the famous epigram, "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

The truth is that there were two aspects to

the ministry of Jesus and to his outlook on the future. They supplemented each other, and there is no contradiction between them. Jesus was an evangelist. He was also a Judge. He came to be a Saviour. He was also a King.

No one knew better than he the value of uncoerced allegiance. He came into the world to win the willing surrender of penitent hearts. He wanted men's spontaneous devotion. He wanted their voluntary friendship. He wanted every age to have its life built about a group of men who in the most free and hearty way gave themselves in glad devotion to him. He was willing to go to great lengths to secure this spontaneous allegiance. He wanted his disciples and their followers through all the ages to go to great lengths to win this willing surrender of uncoerced hearts. He knew that the shock of unsuspected and unmerited kindness will often break a hard and selfish heart. So as an evangelist he did not resist evil. He was friendly with those who did not deserve friendliness. And men like Zacchæus, startled at his willingness to be their friend, gave up their bad ways. He wanted every

age to have men who would approach hardness with tenderness, and in his splendid paradoxical fashion he flung the challenge of his word, "Resist not evil," to them. Like that other word so vivid and so marvelous about the necessity of a man's hating his father and mother if he would follow Jesus, it was meant to be interpreted in the light of his own resilient personality and his use of challenging hyperbole. It is rather curious, by the way, that many men who are eagerly modern in relation to most problems of critical scholarship are suddenly characterized by a crass and dead and unilluminated literalness whenever they begin to interpret the words of Jesus. He was eager to found an order of adventurers who would give back love for hate and startle the world by their glorious generosity. "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." "If any man . . . take away thy coat, let him take thy cloak also," thus he expressed his memorable and zestful challenge.

But no one knew better than he that there is a limit to this sort of approach. And no one expressed it more definitely. He went farther than any other man in the abandon

of his joyous self-giving to the undeserving, but he made it clear with stern emphasis that this did not mean that the universe was so gentle that the perverse could risk being presumptuous. If a man would not accept his friendship, he would have to meet him as a Judge. If a man repudiated what he offered as a winsome Saviour, a man would have to meet him as a great King. His words of doom have a terrible ring to them. Though they are vague, there is an awe and unspeakable sternness in the very vagueness.

It would be better for a man to have a millstone hanged about his neck and be drowned in the depth of the sea than to have been guilty of the sin against innocence. And when we come to the apocalyptic discourses, whatever their problems, it is at least clear that they flash with perfect lightnings of moral indignation, and the prophecy of evil overwhelmed by a force which it cannot resist.

Jesus will go as far in tender forgiving invitation as he can go without risking the moral structure of the universe. At that point he becomes granite. Love itself must

become a sword to save the world from shipwreck.

We may say, then, that Jesus approached men to win their willing allegiance. Upon that he built the kingdom of God. If that was finally refused, he warned men of the consequences in as terrible words as ever fell from human lips.

We must have a moral realism in our theory of life and in our conduct like that which characterized Jesus. Even in the part of his career dedicated to friendliness—for the incarnation was an adventure in friendliness and the period of judicial administration belonged to the future—even in the days of winsome invitation Jesus drove the money-changers from the temple. And in flashes of his ethical indignation we see how far he was from that pliant graciousness which characterizes some men's thought of him. We have a right to protect those fundamental verities which were more priceless than life itself to Jesus.

A sword unsheathed in the name of unrighteous and selfish purposes is never the sword of Christ. A sword defending order and law and virtue and civilization has a

right to appeal to him for approval and support. The author of the book of Revelation pictures him with a two-edged sword in his mouth. The sword which restrains a malignant evil which would ruin the world is the sword of Christ.

CHAPTER VIII

THE INTERNATIONAL SWORD

A UNIVERSITY professor with a gift for analysis and a certain power of vivid generalization was discussing the causes of strife in the world. "There are two motives back of war," he said. "One is the instinct of protection. The other is the instinct of aggression. Men will fight to protect what they have. They will fight to get what they have not. When we test these instincts by ethical standards we may say that the instinct of protection is usually sound. The instinct of aggression, on the other hand, has a seed of lawlessness in it and very soon is likely to eventuate in some sort of robbery. The control of the aggressive instincts of men and nations is the fundamental matter in securing an orderly world."

When we come to the survey of the actual history of men the matter is not at all so simple as when we are contented with abstract analysis. It would be a splendid thing

if the ethical principles stood out sharply and clearly in all the wars of the world. It would be a great moral relief if in every war we could see quite definitely that right was on one side and wrong was on the other.

There have been such wars. And they speak to the mind and conscience of men with a tremendous power. When Charles Martel flung the forces defending the very life of Christendom against the invading Mohammedan hosts, the moral issue was clear, decisive, and unmistakable. When Charles V fought the Turks in the sixteenth century, the conflict had the same definite and assured meaning. There have been many such wars, and the victorious hosts of righteousness have emerged from them with the whole world nearer to its goal.

But no man would be optimistic enough to declare that all wars have had this clear-cut quality. As a matter of fact, in many wars the issues have been blurred. Each side was partly right and each side was partly wrong. And in some wars there is an amazing and bewildering confusion of ethical and unethical motives.

Happily, the great war now raging has

issues as clear as the demands of conscience. We do not need to hesitate for a moment in a struggle where civilization itself is at stake.

But what is to be our attitude toward those struggles where the good is strangely and disconcertingly entangled with the evil, and what is to be our attitude toward those wars where selfish and remorseless powers leap at each other's throats, and any victory is a triumph of unrighteousness?

We must begin by seeing that good does often come out of evil. Napoleon's vast wars of exploitation brought many benefits to Europe. His claim to be a herald of the new day will not stand very close inspection, but, after all, it did have its elements of truth. And many a war whose motives would not command our respect has eventuated in such a fashion that genuine good came to the world. Of course this does not justify the war. And it does not give us a right to be patient with unethical fighting. But in a world where so many wars have been an ethical confusion it is a matter of genuine and justifiable comfort to people of right motives that God does so work in history as to bring good out of evil. Of course

he could bring more good without the evil. So we are to struggle against the evil and at the same time be gratified for the way in which God keeps good alive in spite of evil and bends the evil to the purposes of good.

The more we study the matter, however, the more intolerable becomes the thought of wars with no ethical end in view. Where a man is called to defend his country from invasion, where he is called upon to fight for the liberties of the world, he has a motive which can lift him above the hard brutalities of war. But to give one's life in a cause where each side is wrong, to be a part of a mere selfish scramble for unethical power, rouses the deepest and most angry protest.

The question emerges then, can anything be done to prevent these unethical wars? Can anything be done to prevent the powers of climbing ambition from spilling the blood of their people in reckless profusion with no moral or spiritual gain for the world involved in the strife?

The question necessitates a closer study of the problem of the unethical war as it relates itself to the modern world. If we can see the fashion in which it arises, we may be

able to see the fashion in which it may be prevented.

Ancient history tells the story of a succession of world powers. The history of the Middle Ages tells the tale of the emerging of nations. Modern history tells the story, not of nations successively great, but of nations simultaneously great. This existence together of a number of powerful nations is the essential feature, and gives rise to the essential problems of the modern world; and as Mr. Walter Lippmann has pointed out in that acute book The Stake of Diplomacy, the simultaneous existence of powerful and well-organized peoples and undeveloped and weak nations accentuates the problem.

Sometimes one of these great nations dreams the dream of mastering the rest and becoming the one great world-power. We really thought that this attempt had been made for the last time, and that the dream of world-mastery would hover no more before a human brain. Now we know that we were mistaken. Germany has dreamed that dream in our own day. Germany is now making that attempt. In such a case the issue is clear. There is no ethical confusion.

It is a straight case of freedom against aggression. And on the part of the Allies this is as ethical a war as ever was fought.

But the modern organization of the world has produced many wars which have not been characterized by this clear-cut ethical quality. The great powers have often watched each other in jealous fear. They have fought unjust wars because they were afraid of more unjust wars. One power has exploited a small nation because it was afraid another power would exploit that nation. One power has done a bad thing to-day in order to prevent another power from doing that bad thing to-morrow, and thus putting the first power at a terrible disadvantage. The reign of fear has confused men's minds, and distorted their relation to the voice of conscience. The selfish elements in national life have schemed for their own advantage, and they have unhesitatingly risked war for the sake of unworthy ends. The existence of a number of powerful nations in a state of nervous tension and fear of each other has tended to make for conflagration and for unethical fighting.

This was seen clearly by men of good will,

and the first attempted solution was along the line of limiting the size of armaments. It is significant that Germany stood out against this movement. Germany wanted not merely protection; Germany wanted the power for aggression ready at hand.

The surface problem before Nineteen Fourteen was mutual distrust. The deeper problem was one nation maturing its plans to leap upon an unsuspecting world.

Now we are solving the deeper problem. It will cease to exist with the defeat of Germany. But what about the other problem? Are we to live in a world where national distrusts may at any time produce a conflagration? Are we to live in a world where powerful selfish interests may at any time produce a war? Are we to live in a world where the forces of lawless ambition and bad will in two nations may at any time set these nations at each other's throats. The thought is intolerable. And so we ask again, How is the world to be protected from this form of ethical bad will? How is it to be protected from recurring unethical wars? How is it to be saved from conflicts which can have only a bad issue?

When we examine the matter closely we see that its solution lies in the resort to some power stronger than the nation. Even when the forces of good will are in control in a great nation, that nation alone cannot prevent two other strong nations from fighting. And if it attempts to prevent weak nations from fighting, at once it is suspected of ulterior motives, and again the peace of the world is endangered.

The only way to prevent national antagonisms from eventuating in struggles which are the expression of national rivalry rather than of ethical principle is to have an international organization with power back of it, whose function it is to put a judicial and restraining hand upon fierce and selfish nations leaping at each other's throats. The only escape from unethical national struggles is an appeal to the international sword. The weakness of the Hague tribunal lay in its inability to command force.

When the great civilized nations acted together in China in 1900 at the time of the Boxer uprising we had suggestions of the kind of thing which can be done. But the real safety of the world at this point involves

an organization of civilization itself for the purposes of dealing with the problems which make nations go mad with the lust for fight. This international organization must have no secret diplomacy, and it must tolerate no secret diplomacy. It must deal with the acute problems of a supreme court of the world, and it must be the vehicle of international justice and not of national ambition. It must be charged in particular with securing the rights and the full opportunities needed by small and backward peoples. It must save them from exploitation. It must secure for them a real and increasing life. Of course it will be entirely powerless to do these things unless it can support its decisions by force. A supreme court of the nations capable only of giving friendly advice would be supreme nonsense. No really determined and inflamed nation would pay any attention to it. The force of civilization itself must be at the disposal of this international organization when two nations mad with selfish passion are about to leap at each other's throats: it must be able to command them to desist, and to enforce that command in a fashion which it would be folly

to resist. The existence of such a body with such power will quell national antagonisms, it will quiet national suspicions; it will hold the world steady when selfish passions would unleash the dogs of war.

We shall see in the next chapter that such an organization will have a most far-reaching relation to the whole life of the world. Just now we are concerned with one fact, namely, its ability to put a stop to those wars of rival interests where there is no really moral issue, and where there are only immoral issues.

One of the saddest things about these immoral wars is that men become inflamed with passion and insist that they have a moral meaning which they do not really possess. The conscience is such a tremendous military asset that the powers which are waging the most unholy wars always try to fasten their chariots to steeds of moral enthusiasm. When two great nations, lying side by side, are trembling in their sleep in mutual fear, it is easy to read the fears into innocent facts, and to come to blows when there is no real cause for fighting. And when the most unholy purposes are back of a conflict, it is not impossible for clever statesmen to capital-

ize national loyalty in the name of the very ideals which all the while are being trampled under foot. The existence of a great international tribunal dealing in high and august fashion with all these matters will give time for a cooling of the blood. It will set forth the facts in such a fashion that ethical camouflage becomes increasingly impossible, and all the while it will have such stern strength back of its utterances that the most wild-eyed nations must stop, and look, and listen and wait, and accept the verdict.

There is good will in the world. There is bad will in the world. The fundamental matter is to secure such an adequate organization of the forces of good will that they can hold the place of control. The whole experience of the past centuries makes it clear that national organization is not enough. It does accomplish some things. But before some of the most terribly pressing problems it stands helpless. Only an international organization, in command of forces all must respect, can solve these intricate and tragically baffling problems.

The close of the present war is strategically the very time for such an organization

of civilized nations to be set up. It will not set aside the nations. It will unite the nations in respect of certain matters of world-wide concern. It will not attempt to overthrow national loyalties. It will fulfill national aspirations by protecting the integrity of each nation's life, and setting every nation free from the dread of lawless passionate ambitions on the part of other nations. It will be a constant international defense against every form of lawless national aggression.

The dreadful cost of war is coming home to men in an altogether new and convincing fashion. When the present war ends, the nations will be ready to organize for world peace as they have never been before. Life itself is speaking in unmistakable terms, and it demands the world organization equipped with the international sword.

This does not mean that the world tribunal will be all the while using its sword. As a matter of fact, just because it has the sword it will rarely need to use it.

Here again we come upon our principle of potential force. The international authority will be like an athlete so strong that every

bully fears to attack him. Its word will have such ready and obviously powerful energy back of it that the word itself will work wonders. So it will do its beneficent work. Its shining sword will hold lawless nations in awe. Every year it will win manifold victories without the shedding of blood.

The man who declares that such an organization is impossible simply has not faced the alternatives. It is a knowledge of the alternatives which will make that organization inevitable. Without it, there is no way of controlling the savage impulses of inflamed nations. Without it the growth of that national fear which leads to the day of carnage will go on. Without it life will be a cycle of struggles between fearful and jealous nations, and each struggle will be a harvest of death.

Without it the world will have no adequate protection against those struggles which wear out the body, and just because the motives on each side are full of sordidness have no power to uplift the soul. Without it the widely diffused good will of the world will have no adequate way to bring itself to bear in controlling and mastering

strength upon that ill will which would disintegrate life itself.

As the nations of the world realize more fully all that is at stake they will determine without hesitation upon that federation of the world's law-abiding forces which will establish the life of man in a new orderliness and a new safety.

The actual situation in human life is this. The way of the sentimental dreamers is impossible, for the strong and daring ill will of the world would work its evil purpose unchecked in such a world. If we have no resource but a friendly smile, we will be the perpetual victims of forces stronger than ourselves. On the other hand, the way of the worship of brute strength is impossible in a world with a conscience. The rule of might apart from all ethical consideration is impossible in a world where the still small voice speaks with undying power in the life of man. The very approximation of such a situation in any age but means the setting of the stage for a new struggle that the forces of conscience may gain control. It is only when strength is in the control of goodness for the guiding of the world that humanity

is safe. It is only when brute force is the servant of a strong conscience and a clear and noble mind that the physical strength itself comes to have moral meaning. There is a vast amount of ethical purpose in the world. Unorganized it is helpless. Unmobilized it is impotent. Put in control of a city and the police force of a city, it makes a law-abiding town. Put in control of a country and the resources of a country for the carrying out of the right legislation and the protection of the land it makes an orderly and self-respecting and respected nation. Put in control of an organization of international life, and of armed forces which can make its behests effective, it will secure the orderliness and steadiness of the life of the world. The international sword is not a substitute for conscience. It is an expression and vindication of conscience upon the most significant arena of the world's life.

In days of loose tribal life if any seer had dreamed of a well-knit modern nation he would have been told that such a consummation was the wild and impossible fancy of an impractical visionary. But the modern nation, with all its complex articulation and

varied machinery, exists. The prophet of the league of nations to keep the world steady and orderly cannot wisely be called a dreamer of an impossible day, for already the forces which make for the fulfillment of this prophecy are at work everywhere in the world. The hope of civilization is found in this practical and effective organization wielding the international sword.

CHAPTER IX

THE SWORD OF PEACE

A LONELY woman was sitting in a quiet room as the evening shadows began to gather. She had seen her husband and her son go forth in answer to the call of the nation. They had been brave and gallant soldiers both. And both had fallen upon fiercely contested battlefields. At first the shock had seemed too terrible to be borne. But she had gathered resources the secret of which strong women know, and a gentle light still gleamed in her eyes when all the light seemed to have gone out of her heart. Time had caused beautiful flowers of the spirit to bloom in her life, but her soul was always a place where there were two graves, albeit graves covered with fair and fragrant blossoms. She lived on in quiet strength and service, with the strength of those to whom life has done its worst, and who have not lost their faith in God. Now she was sitting at the day's close, with a little Bible in her

hands. It had been printed on rare Indian paper, and though the print was clear, the book was small enough for a soldier's pocket. Her son had carried it with him on the last desperate charge when he made the great sacrifice. The little book lay open in her hand. She had been reading words from the second chapter of the book of Isaiah and the fourth verse: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." The words had been underlined by a steady hand with clear, straight marking. Somehow she always felt nearer to her son when she read his Bible and paused over the sentences which he had marked. Tonight she felt her way to the soldier who had found a moment of quiet and in the midst of war's tragic alarms had dreamed with the old prophet the dream of universal peace. That was what this boy too hoped for. That was what this boy too believed in. To him the war in which he gave his life was a fight for peace.

A wistful, eager look came into the woman's eyes. She belonged to a great com-

pany of women all over her land who had felt the piercing of war's sword to the center of the heart. Must this sisterhood of waiting grief be perpetuated as long as the world existed? Must the heel of war crush the hope out of women's hearts as long as men continued to live upon the earth? She saw clearly the face of the gallant, clear-eyed boy who had carried this Bible on the last charge. And it was all lighted up with his hope of a day when peace would become the habit of the nations and war would be crushed by a force which it could not resist. For that hope he had fought. He had deeply believed that the sword he wielded would help to bring that hope to fruition. So always to him it was the sword of peace. The mother read again the daring, beautiful words of long ago. There was light in her own face now, and in her loneliness she rejoiced in the coming of that day when other wives and mothers would not need to bend under the burden whose crushing weight she had felt.

The dream of peace is one of the noblest and most gracious of the dreams which haunt the spirits of men. It is one of the supreme moral and spiritual assets of the race. We

have now to ask if it is more than a fine, fair vision. We have now to ask what practical reason there is for expecting its realization in this world which in every age has been torn and devastated by the ravages of war.

We must frankly admit at once that there is a dream of peace which will never be realized. We must clearly and unhesitatingly face the fact that this dream is a baseless fabric which will only lead to bitter disillusionment at last. This is the dream of peace through contagious gentleness. This is the dream of peace through triumphant friendliness. This is the dream of peace through a world-wide hatred of war which will become so dominant that nobody will be willing to fight. The difficulty with the realization of this sort of peace lies at this point. It cannot be maintained by a majority. It can be maintained only by an entirely unanimous world.

The most fundamental fallacy in respect of this whole matter lies in the conception that it takes two to appeal to force. It does not. It takes only one. In a town with a thousand people if one man wants to be a bully, the other nine hundred and ninety-

nine cannot restrain him if their only weapon lies in words of noble protest. He can treat little children cruelly. He can strike defenseless women. He can strike unresisting men. Unless the majority is willing to use force to restrain evil, there will be no restraint of evil, however large the majority, as long as there is a minority ready to make the attack.

A really selfish and cruel man would not be disconcerted if he lived in a world where, although the vast majority of men and women disapproved of his actions, they would use no stronger method to restrain him than the method of protesting words. He would quickly develop a philosophy which regarded these other men as weak and degenerate and regarded his own methods as indicating virility and strength. Then, feeling that he was a sort of superman in a race of pigmies, he would go on in his cruel and forceful way.

Now, if the hope for peace lies in the expectation of a day when the vote for peace will be unanimous, we must sadly admit that this day will never come. If a nonresistant attitude on the part of those who want peace prevents their using any force to restrain

those who want war, there will always be a number of people ready to vote for war. In fact, as long as there is a practical possibility of war being a means of gain there will be men who will vote for war. The only way to prevent war is to have an obviously superior force ready to fight it. There will always be enough hard and cruel selfishness in the world to take cynical advantage of the gracious visionaries who want to fight war by a loving smile.

In this sense the pacifists are the particularly dangerous foes of the peace movement. The stronger they are the farther off is the day of triumphant peace. The practical effect they have is to prevent the forces of righteousness from being so prepared to meet the forces of evil, that the forces of evil will be afraid to fight. When a nation with a completely unethical purpose to conquer the world reaches the stage of definite activity it is ready to do all in its power to develop a pacifistic propaganda in the nation which it is preparing to fight. Nothing suits its purpose better than to have its own military strength put over against the weakness of a nation whose fighters have been disinte-

grated by a powerful and far-reaching pacifistic propaganda.

Quite unconsciously, but none the less very tragically, many noble pacifists in America have been most effective allies of Germany in the present crisis. All the while the pacifist is bringing nearer the day which he wants to remove forever from the earth. The weak nations will not bring in the day of peace. A nation must be strong to make its word for peace effective.

We must see with complete clearness that the conception of peace through propaganda, and propaganda alone, is based upon a thorough misunderstanding of human nature. The trouble is that the wrong people are convinced by the propaganda. The friendly and gracious people who would never inaugurate a war in any event are captured by the contagion of the beautiful dream. All the while the hard and selfish groups smile cynically and prepare to take advantage of the friendly weakness engendered by the men to whom sentiment is more influential than fact. While pacifistic sentiment was undermining the strength of England and America, Germany, with no end of relish of the situation,

was preparing to plunge the whole world into war. The peace-at-any-price man is always playing into the hands of a lurking conscienceless foe.

We seem reluctant to believe that there is such a thing as fundamental evil in human nature. And it has been particularly true of a good many dilettante idealists of the latter part of the nineteenth and the earlier part of the twentieth centuries that they have built their theories of life without the slightest regard to the hard and unlovely aspects of the human material with which they were dealing. If the final problem of humanity is ignorance, then it is clear that what men need is more knowledge, and the problem of the world will be solved. If the final problem of the world is *will* set against righteousness, then knowledge will beat in vain against that citadel of wrong will. It is a deeper matter than a question of theory: it is a question of fact. And when this test is put, the theory that humanity consists of a company of dear children who would be perfectly good if they only knew a little more, goes crashing to the ground. As a matter of fact, there are always men who like evil

and want it, and are quite amused by the friendly contributions to their knowledge made by those who earnestly set about showing them that black is not white. They know perfectly well that black is not white. But they want the black.

Let it be made plain that you do not solve this problem by denying its existence. You simply become the victim of the evil forces whose existence you have refused to recognize. A Christian Scientist might with some pretense of logic become an advocate of peace at any price. If all evil is an illusion, then why fight for it? But the stern facts of life are rather remorseless with such a theory. Even Mary Baker Eddy adopted a theory of malignant animal magnetism which practically made it possible to bring in at the back door pretty much everything which had been cast out at the front. And so far as we know Christian Scientists are not particularly eager to claim a responsible relation to the pacifistic corollaries which could be drawn from their main contention. Even they see that the illusion of evil must be met by the illusion of force.

We need to come to grips with the funda-

mental facts of life. The process may make us a little sadder than the flamboyant optimism of the days before the war, but it will also make us wiser. It is simply true that there is always enough conscienceless egotism in the world to disintegrate the harmony of life unless the forces of good will in definite and obvious strength are more masterful than the forces of ill will. The theory of peace through a universal will to peace will never be realized, just because there will never be a universal will to peace.

There is another theory of peace which should have our careful inspection. We may call this the conception of peace through the conscienceless sword. It is based quite frankly on the belief that force is the ultimate power in the world, and that ethics have no real or commanding place.

It does not measure a sword by the motives which lead to its unsheathing. It measures a sword by the success with which it is wielded. If it admits such words as "right" and "wrong" at all into its vocabulary, it is from this standpoint. To be successful is to be right. To fail is to be wrong. Quite without blushing or hesitation it worships

the hard effectiveness of unethical force. It believes in the peace imposed by the victory of a master who forces his will upon those whom he has conquered. Subject peoples may be crushed. That is incidental. Subject peoples may be exploited. There is no reason to object to that. With complete and final efficiency the hard and powerful energies of force are to organize the world. If ethics stand in the way of this force, so much the worse for the ethics. If conscience must be violated in its triumphant advance, so much the worse for the conscience. The world belongs to the strong, and they are to enforce upon the weak the peace of their own remorseless power.

Now, there have been instances of a peace which in a real measure expressed this conception. In particular nations in many an age there has been the peace of tyranny. And there have been times when a far-flung world-power in a definite fashion has imposed its remorseless will upon the world. Ancient history is fairly well filled with this sort of thing. This is not all of its story, but it has a very definite place in the story. To be sure, in most cases ethical motives come

in, but as we look over the life of the world as a whole we have to admit that there has been altogether too much of the peace of tyranny, and it is clear that there are powerful influences moving toward the conception of such a peace at the close of the present war. A German victory would mean exactly and precisely a peace with ethics thrown to the winds. A German peace would be a peace of tyranny.

It is obvious that the conception of an ultimate world-organization based upon an unethical sword is not merely morally intolerable, it is actually impossible. Just as the peace-at-any-price men ignore the fact of persistent evil will in human life, so the advocates of the unethical sword ignore the fact of the persistence of moral motives in humanity. Just when your tyrant feels safe his throne begins to quiver. Deep from human nature emerges the hatred of tyranny and of its unethical demands, and resistance breaks out. The peace of tyranny always carries seeds of its own destruction. It is going against all the best things in human nature. And as time goes on the pressure increases from within, and at last there comes

the inevitable explosion. The truth is that man is an essentially ethical being in the structure of his nature, and the theory of the finality of unethical force, when it becomes a practice, goes right against facts which are its own undoing.

More than that, when an individual or a nation builds life about a force which knows no moral restraints, that force itself begins gradually to weaken. At a particular point you can have physical force divorced from ethical loyalty, but in the long run unethical force suffers a process of inner decay. The strength which ignores ethics is a worm-eaten strength, and at last it comes to an inner weakness which is revealed to the world in a collapse which is often striking and dramatic. In individual lives men may prostitute the strength which is the gift of virtuous ancestors in evil living, but the very process so weakens them, and especially weakens their children, that the strength itself disappears. Unethical force is always on the way to weakness and degeneracy. It may be a long journey, but the end surely comes at last. The peace of tyranny, then, can never be a final peace. Human nature

is against it. The structure of the universe is against it. It is always the quiet which precedes the explosion or else the quiet of decay and death. Things are never finally settled until they are settled right, just because a wrong settlement always has dynamite hidden in it somewhere, and ready at an unexpected moment to explode.

There is a third sort of peace which is the true and practical and rational goal of human endeavor. It is the peace of that strong good will which in organized and prepared power maintains the orderliness and the quiet of the world. This goal of peace is not a dream in which one part of human nature is emphasized and many significant facts are ignored. It is a conception taking account of all the facts, and has hope of fulfillment just because it has not substituted its desires for an honest appraisal of all the elements in the situation. Let us analyze it a little more closely.

First, it is based upon a belief in a great body of moral good will in the world. It is grounded upon the assumption that usually the victories of evil come from the fact that well-organized evil is stronger than poorly

organized good. Frankly and eagerly it is admitted that the ultimate hope of the world is in the spontaneous and joyous good will of those who are loyal to the behests of righteousness, not because they have to be, but because they want to be. Without a moment's hesitation it is admitted that if there were no good men in the world it would be idle to talk about a victory of goodness. The ultimate human generosities, the high human idealisms are the moral capital of the race. In hearty belief in them all plans are to be made and all programs are to be worked out and put into operation. It is here that one true element in pacifism at last comes to its own. The final basis of a settled world is not upon unethical force. It is upon the good will of men to whom conscience is supreme.

But just here a practical question emerges. It is a question of the utmost importance. Granted that there is such good will. Granted that there is much of it. How is it to be victorious in a world where there is malignant ill will? How is it to find the goal of peace?

Secondly, it is admitted that some of this bad will can be mastered by a friendly ap-

proach. It is affirmed with warm and eager enthusiasm that again and again selfishness is turned to unselfishness through the power of generous and self-sacrificing love. This is the very genius of the work of the gospel in the world. This is the very heart of the missionary enterprise. It is the very soul of evangelism. All of these forces increase the number of men and women of good will. All of these forces transform bad people into good people in every generation.

Thirdly, it must be seen, however, that human good will, reenforced by the most gracious and tender efforts to win men, leaves an amount of evil will in the world, which perpetually makes for war and for the disintegration of all that is good. This ill will is vital and energetic and breaks its way into the quiet which good will has produced, in order to do its own dark and evil work. And this will to evil is always tearing apart the slowly built structure of ethical civilization. It is ceaselessly at work. It is brilliant and skillful. And while you are smiling at it in the vain desire to win it to better ways, it goes on in scornful and remorseless fashion to do evil in the world. We can deny this if we

will. The evil facts leap up and laugh the denial to scorn. In the name of a superficial and sentimental optimism we may refuse to face the actual situation. But the evil will of the world breaks forth in new malignant power and our little theories fall shattered at our feet. This is not a question of philosophy. It is not a question of theology. It is a question of hard and definite and unescapable fact. It is simply true that there is always enough bad will in the world to shatter our dream of peace, unless that ill will is afraid of the power of the world's organized good will.

Fourthly, then, the hope of humanity lies in that organization of human good will which will hold human bad will in such fear that it will not break the peace of the world. It is not any kind of force which is to maintain the peace of the world. It is an ethical force doing the behests of enlightened conscience, all its powers at the service of those righteous sanctions about which life must be built if life is to be noble, and if it is to have the secret of strength and continuity.

The sword which maintains this order will be indeed the sword of peace. It will be a

potential sword, always ready, always feared by ill will, and always so steady that ill will will be held from sending forth the dogs of war. This peace enforced by righteous good will will do its own gracious work of evangelism. It will have no seed of disintegration in it. Its results will be so good for the world that all the while it will be reenforced by the ardent loyalty of converts to its sovereignty. But even while this is true, and flowers are blooming all over an orderly world, that potential ill will which would break the peace if it dared must realize that the sword of righteous world-wide order is ready, bright and sharp, should the demand for its use arise. So the peace of the world must come and so it must be maintained. A peace based upon sentiment is a peace which invites the exploiter. A peace based upon unethical force is the peace of slaves. A peace based upon organized and powerful good will, ready for every contingency, is a peace wherein lies the hope of the world.

CHAPTER X

SOILING THE CLEAN SWORD

An automobile was moving swiftly from a bustling and vigorous American city to one of the army camps. A Young Men's Christian Association secretary was driving the machine, and beside him sat a speaker who was to talk at several of the huts of the Association that night.

As the machine moved through the darkness of the early evening the two talked of many things. Finally the conversation turned to the great theme of making the character of the fighting men worthy of the great cause for which they were struggling. The secretary told in a simple and manly way of his own work for cleanness of life among the men. It was evident that he was a fine and understanding comrade, and that his moral passion burned so brightly in his own life that it shone into the lives of others. The lights of the camp gleamed distantly with a certain alluring challenge as he spoke

of his own talks to the boys, and the fashion in which he would picture the tragedy of the man who fought for the freedom of the world and himself became a slave of some vice. His words had a strong and steady ring, and the man who listened knew at once how effective they must be when the men who wore the khaki listened to them.

It is an extremely difficult if not an impossible task to write during a great war a wise and candid and effective and wholesome discussion of all that is involved in the problem of the vices to which the soldier is tempted to succumb. Many discussions give you the feeling that they evade the heart of the problem. Other discussions give you the feeling that they are written in angry and distorted scorn, without sympathy for the soldier's situation, and without understanding of his problems. Some writers idealize the soldier until he himself would not recognize the portrait. Others see the vices which emerge in the army in a fashion so out of proportion that they paint a picture of the soldier which is absolutely unfair and which he justly resents.

We will begin with the very evident but

often overlooked fact that in an army of a couple of millions like ours you have essentially a reflection of the young life of the nation. It will contain men as fine and as self-controlled and as generous as the noblest product of the nation's life. It will contain men as coarse and as selfish and as sensual as the types of young men to be found in any of our cities and towns or any countryside. It does not transform a man to put on the khaki. He carries his character, with all the marks of its virtues and its vices, into the service.

And at this point it must be candidly said that any army must be made up of the accessible human material. You can set certain standards of physical robustness which tend to shut out the degenerate, but there are plenty of vices which have not yet eaten away the robustness of a young man, and so a great army will not instantly suggest a Sunday school. But this very figure reminds us that a Sunday school too is made up of the accessible human material. And practically every problem of struggle with youthful vice is represented in the great Sunday schools of America.

It must also be said that the life and discipline and service of the army tend to develop certain very important and upbuilding virtues. It is especially true that certain regulations and methods characteristic of the armies of the United States tend to keep the moral standard of the practice of our soldiers unusually high. Taken on the whole, probably our conscript army is one of the cleanest the world has ever seen. Aside from this particular matter, it is true that even before they go to France the discipline and the training give the boys a new grip on themselves, a new capacity for effective action. They are stronger physically, they are more vigorous and courageous and upstanding in manly virtues after they have been in the army even for a couple of months. Then they soon begin to develop a sense of unselfish comradeship which is one of the finest contributions of army life to the character of the men. Many a man accustomed to be the center of the picture learns for the first time to think of himself as a part of a larger group. He forgets himself in thinking of the men of his squad, his company, and his regiment. The capacity for instant and ef-

fective obedience itself has great moral value. The sense of authority has far-reaching moral implications. And as the days on the battle line come, the courage which fights and the courage which dies fighting has a moral significance which all must recognize. In many ways the typical soldier becomes a bigger, braver, more generous and unselfish and effective man than he ever was before. All this must be said in the completest and heartiest way.

That this is not all the story the soldier himself will be the first man to admit. And it is from the standpoint of comradely understanding of the man in khaki and sympathy with his problems that we want to consider some important matters regarding the vices which tempt the soldier.

To begin with, men who have lived morally careless and lawless lives before coming into the camp bring the tug of their old habits with them. It is not too much to say that as a result of the army discipline there is less indulgence in physical vices after coming into the camp than before. From the standpoint of exact mathematics the soldier who as a civilian was morally careless is at

least improved at once. If he was accustomed to drink intoxicants, they are practically put out of his reach; at least a genuine endeavor is made to put them out of his reach while he is training in this country. A genuine attempt is made to free the camp and its immediate environment from evil women, and altogether these efforts are crowned with a degree of success which makes a very material change in the moral habits of the men. When the soldier is away from camp it is very hard, if not impossible, for him to secure intoxicants. But it is not possible in the same fashion to protect him from other vices if he himself seeks them out. In other words, if a man chooses to keep up an intermittent indulgence in these vices, the army can protect his health, but it cannot protect his morals.

More is being done to help the men who really care to be helped than has ever been done for the men of any other army. The services of the Young Men's Christian Association huts are beyond praise, and multitudes of splendid and hearty people near the camps are doing much to provide that friendly entertainment which shall pre-

vent the strange loneliness which often is the door to evil indulgence. The problem here becomes at last an individual problem. The individual man cannot be saved from a man's fight, but he can be given encouragement and help in the direction of winning a man's victory. Every letter written from a home of high and pure ideals, every contact with clear-eyed and clean-hearted and red-blooded men is a help. This help is being provided. It must be provided in complete fashion. And the man himself must face the problem of repudiating those vices which are unworthy of a great clean cause.

One ethical fallacy sometimes gets into the minds of soldiers in many wars. It may be put with rude and blunt vigor in this fashion: The soldier is a young man who is going forth to offer his life on his country's altar. That sacrifice is so great that he should not be questioned too closely. Let him get all the fruit he may from the tree of life; and if some of it is forbidden fruit do not say much about it. When a man may not be alive in a year he ought to be allowed to go his own gait.

There are people who allow morals to be

quite dissipated in a gush of sentimentality. They are not just to the soldiers, and they tend to confuse important issues in every direction. Of course a moment's thought will make it clear that if in a short time a man is to gaze with wonder into the mystery of eternity, that is not a reason why he should soil his body, and soil the spirit which he is to carry into the other country, and leave a trail of slime behind him. A wise young thinker, himself a man of great virility, has recently pointed out that when Jesus set his face to go to Jerusalem, and knew that he must die upon the cross, he did not thereupon consider that because he was to die for the world he was immediately released from moral obligations. He brought an unsoiled body and a clean spirit to the supreme sacrifice of the cross. No less an ideal than this can content the Christian soldier.

Gambling is a vice which makes a particular appeal to men under the rigid and almost constant discipline of military life. It may not seem very dangerous at first, but it is easy for it to grow into a far-reaching menace to the character of the men. Here something very definite can be done in the

way of military control, and it is very important that in example, as well as in enforcement of regulations, the officers keep the camp free from the insidious invasion of the gambling spirit. The Young Men's Christian Associations are doing effective work in the encouragement and help they give in the matter of saving money and sending it home.

The matter of the talk in the barracks and the camp, the profanity, the foul stories, the lewd songs, deserve a frank word. Here, again, we must remember that a good proportion of the men addicted to these things brought these forms of speech with them when they came into the army. Before the war broke out there were plenty of places where men could have disillusioning experiences regarding the coarse and profane speech of multitudes of young Americans. It is not fair to blame the army for creating the problem. Then we must remember that when a multitude of men of all sorts live apart from the daily contact with noble women, there is a definite let-down in the level of conversation. Sometimes it is merely a matter of rude vigor. Sometimes it is more

than that. It ought to be added that a good deal of the talk has become quite mechanical and has quite lost the stinging sense which it awakens in the ears of the observers fresh from a quiet home. In fact, many a man who uses profane phrases in the army has not the slightest intention of being irreverent, and is even growing in religious feeling. But when all is said and done, and when we admit that the body of men who tell vile stories and use profane language are infinitely finer fellows than their talk would indicate, it remains true that they are not honoring the homes from which they come, the cause they represent, or their own character when they become experts in verbal transgression. And the men who are involved would be the first men to admit it.

Here, again, we come upon an individual problem, though the example of officers clean of lip as of life is of incalculable value. A man must think the thing out and decide and hold to his decision. And men do. Numbers of them do. You always hear the man who tells a foul story. You do not hear the man who is silent. You hear the man who swears. You do not hear the man who

refrains. So the vote for careless speech inevitably seems larger than it is. The influences which make for self-control in speech as in life are being brought to bear upon the men. And when those influences express themselves in comradely, manly fashion they are received with thorough and respectful friendliness. The movement for clean speech in the army must be accelerated by our wise and tactful and constant support.

In all this we shall receive the hearty and zestful cooperation of multitudes of splendid fellows who have gone out of Christian homes and are eager in a virile and sturdy way to maintain the highest possible standards in the army and in their own lives.

The boys who reach the battle front will find that they do not leave their moral problems behind. Much is being done to protect them. Much is being done to steady them. But inevitably the tug of temptation will be felt in various ways, and each man must be ready to put up a good ethical fight as well as a good fight in the trenches and over the top, if he is to avoid those evils which soil the soldier's sword.

When it comes to actual fighting and the

matters incident to fighting, we have standards to which our men will be rigorously held. Our national sword will not become a sword of frightfulness. Little children will not receive merciless treatment at the hands of our men. Our aviators will not drop bombs on hospitals. In the hour of victory no such scenes as have occurred in Belgium will darken the tale of our success. There are some things against which we need not lift a word of warning because they would not be tolerated in our army.

At the same time we must not ignore the fact that when men and nations are treated with brutal disregard of the fundamental sanctions of civilized warfare, there is a temptation to strike back in kind. It is a powerful temptation. It is hard to resist, and sometimes in individual cases it is not resisted.

Right here we need to see clearly that whatever the pressure of passionate anger against frightfulness, we must keep definitely in mind the standards we represent in the war, as well as the goal which we desire to reach after the war. It is not possible here to work out details, and there are some mat-

ters regarding which we do not venture to pronounce. This principle, however, seems fairly clear and safe, that while reprisals may sometimes be justified for definite military purposes, they are not justified as a matter of vengeance. No harder test is put upon a fighting man than the requirement of fighting a clean fight when his opponent takes unfair advantage. But the man who does it is a man of moral as well as physical heroism, and the man who fails to do it, and sinks to the level of his opponent, has lost in a great fight for character. He has soiled his sword.

Quiet words of analysis may seem to have little actual contact with deeds which fill men's hearts with wrathful anguish and cause their eyes to burn with a mad indignation which drives then toward angry retaliation. We would not underestimate the pressure under which our men will be placed. But we would clearly see, and have them clearly see that the man who masters his wild wrath, and does the thing which is necessary for military success, but not the thing prompted by uncontrolled passion, both serves his country and saves his own manhood as he does it.

The soldier is a man who thinks directly and fearlessly. He scorns hypocrisy. He despises dishonesty. When he turns his eyes inward and looks at his own problems he can use this honesty to noble advantage. And the man in the army who is making up his mind that he will have no pleasure for which some other life must pay, that he will have no enjoyment which leaves a trail of pain in some other life, that he will leave no life less noble than he found it, is reaching a position where there is promise that a clean life will do honor to a clean sword.

To be sure, a man must have more than ideals. He must have more than resolutions. He must have more than principles. He must have a dynamic energy which will enable him to be loyal to his ideals and the resolutions and principles. And here we come upon the place of prayer and a living relation to the great Captain of life in keeping a man free from the things which darken his life and soil his sword.

The earnest Christian soldier is likely to make a new discovery of Jesus Christ. The fair and beautiful vision of that unspotted life changes for a sense of the passionate

struggle by which a hard-pressed fighter kept his life unsullied. The soldier reads his New Testament with a new sense of the fashion in which his Master fought and the fashion in which his Master won. And in upon his own life there comes the sense of help from the world's greatest moral fighter and the world's one perfect moral victor.

Prayer becomes a deep and poignant and honest sharing of the soldier's experience with the Great Struggler who understands. You can tell Him anything because He has been in the fight. And though you go to Him with the stain of battle and failure upon you, you come away with something which is gripping, and steadying, and purifying and upbuilding at work in your life. When you discover that the Master comes to the trenches somehow everything changes. Things become possible which were impossible before. The Christ of Galilee may have seemed far away, but the Christ at the battle front is vividly and effectively and triumphantly near. In the last resort it is He who must keep clean the sword of the soldier.

CHAPTER XI

WIELDING THE CLEAN SWORD

Frederick W. Robertson wanted to be a soldier. As he could not be a soldier he became a preacher. And no preacher of the nineteenth century more conspicuously illustrated the qualities which make a pulpit great. England has had many notable Christian soldiers, and the fashion in which they have combined fighting strength with compelling Christian manhood is a challenge and a stimulus to the man who reads the story. To a man like Chinese Gordon the kingdom of God was the most mastering thing in the world right in the midst of a military campaign. Red blood and religion really belong together and this is nowhere more effectively seen than in the great Christian soldiers of the world.

Multitudes of fine young fellows have gone out from all our churches at the call of the colors. They represent the very flower of our young manhood. That they shall

wield the clean sword in such a fashion as to keep the qualities of character we most prize in them, while they grow in vigor and courage and fighting power, that they shall be loyal to the highest traditions of Christian soldiers, is a matter of intimate and urgent concern to us all.

In a matter like this the concrete has every advantage over the abstract, and in this chapter we are going to describe some types of Christian soldiers whose loyalty to their country and their Master are one, and together guide them through the new experiences of camp and battle front.

The Spring of Nineteen Seventeen found a clean-faced and sturdy-limbed young chap at the end of his first year in theological seminary. He had been a crack athlete in college, and his lithe muscles and clear, flashing eyes, and altogether magnetic personality made him a figure to take account of in any group of young people. He was always bubbling over with good spirits, and in college had been voted the most popular man in his class. From the beginning the war had made deep claims upon his interest, and when the United States entered the lists and

the selective conscription was put in operation he never thought of making his theological status a reason for claiming exemption. He wanted to be in the thing. The passion of it had gotten into his blood. The conviction that the future ethical welfare of the world required victory on the part of the Allies was deep in his life. So in a little while he found himself in one of the great cantonments. His sturdy body with all its lithe energy, his frank and friendly and comradely ways, and his contagious spirits soon made him a favorite. The boys noticed that there were certain things he never said and certain things he never did. In that fierce light which beats upon an army camp a man's actual character stands out very clearly. One of his comrades was heard to say one day, "Tilton is almost too good to be true, but he's a regular fellow for all that."

He was very quiet and unobtrusive in his loyalty to his ideals. He did nothing to call attention to them. He never protruded them. There was not a touch of the Pharisee about him. And he got closer to the soldiers with whom he was training all the while. He shared their life very deeply and very inti-

mately. The most careless man in the company knew that Tilton had spotted his good qualities and believed in them. He always met men on the side of their virtues and something about his very bearing made them temporarily forget their vices. As months wore on, in a very simple and gradual and quite unobtrusive fashion certain influences began to go out from his life which were deeply felt in his company and even in his regiment. He was a sort of ethical tonic, and though his presence did not work moral miracles it did make itself felt. Men who would have given up their ideals and some of their standards, admiringly watched him and took heart to go on with their own fight.

In the same Spring of Nineteen Seventeen a Junior in a certain college found himself claimed by the selective conscription. He was rather slight, though altogether fit, and he had a merry twinkle in his eye. There was a strain of Irish in his make-up and his quips and clever sayings had kept the college laughing. He had just been elected president of the Young Men's Christian Association of the college, and he was planning big things for the Christian activity of the

institution during the next year. When he reached the training camp he soon sensed the quality of the life and of the problems he would meet. He had worked of summers during his years in college, meeting all sorts of people, dropping many illusions and keeping a certain shrewd and hearty optimism through all his experiences. His Irish wit was soon famous in his company. Rare was the time when he did not set the mess roaring with some speech of sheer contagious fun. He was an eager supporter of the secretaries at the Young Men's Christian Association hut. He helped make that hut a social center to which men liked to come. His fun was always clean, but it was simply irresistible. One of the men of his company, a fellow to whom a certain picturesque profanity had previously seemed the highest sort of wit, looked at him admiringly one day. "Gee, but you are a live wire," he said. The two became fast friends, and the contagion of the young collegian's character, as well as the fascination of his wit, began to do its work in his chum's life. There was nothing at all dramatic in what happened. Indeed, a superficial observer might not have seen that

anything happened at all. But the men of the company knew that the lively young Irishman had brought something to the camp which commanded their respect as well as their liking. They did not stop to name it. But they were proud of his straightforward unhesitating loyalty to his own standards. Some of them imitated him. They all liked him.

A clerk in a store in a middle Western village found himself in one of the great cantonments in the summer of the first year of our participation in the war. He had been president of the young people's society in the little church in his home. He was not particularly brilliant and not particularly clever, but he was strong and steady and there was a quiet, friendly light in his eye. He was not a chap who knew particularly well how to take his own part, and during the first weeks in camp his quiet, rather prim ways made him the victim of no end of chaff and practical jokes. It never seemed to ruffle him. In fact, he seemed to get some amusement of his own out of it all. As time went on the boys observed that when several men were assigned to a task he not only held

up his end, but did a little more than that. They noticed when any extra bit of help was needed he had a way of being around. He never made a parade of serviceableness, but somehow he was always on the spot just where somebody was needed. He didn't seem to be asking anything of the other fellows. But he was all the while finding little ways to be of use to them. One or two wondered if he was up to some game at first, but as months wore on it was evident that he wasn't expecting anything and was just glad to fit in and be of use. The nickname which had been edged with a touch of scorn for his precise and correct life, gradually began to have a comradely ring as the other men used it. He himself would have been the last man to be able to tell how it happened, but the time came when he had a secure place in the friendship and hearty respect of his comrades. He had asked nothing. In the end they gave a great deal. "He's a good scout," the men would say. And so he found his place and his influence with his company.

A young business man who was an expert salesman found that the country claimed him in the same year of changing destinies. He

was a sort of human dynamo in a church known all over a big city for its efficient and far-reaching activities. He put all there was of him into everything he did. This was the secret of his salesmanship. It was the secret of his Christian work. When he got into the camp he found very soon the service it was to render to him and to the other men. He knew that he was being made over again by that military discipline which made even this keen salesman feel that he had been flabby and never thoroughly well set up. He studied the men. He studied the life. He wanted the things which were most mastering to him to have a bigger place in the camp. He decided to try to sell religion even as he had sold the wares he had made familiar and popular in half a dozen States. He studied the likes and dislikes of the men as if they had been possible customers. Indeed, he did regard them as possible customers. He carefully worked out his plans. It was all done with infinite patience and skill and sincerity and zest. And all the while he was leading a straightforward, manly life full of the human grip which laid hold on the friendship of his comrades. He had a power

which no one who bought goods of him had ever denied. Now he began to use it as it had never been used before. He understood what buttons not to press. He understood the things which must not be done and must not be said. He understood the wise regulations expressed and unexpressed, which must always be kept in mind. He understood the prejudices which were like corns on which you must not step. With all the skill of the trained salesman, alert for snags and avoiding them almost before they were visible to the naked eye, he went to work. The results were as far-reaching as his combination of common sense and sincere passion for the deep verities of religion justified and made possible. The whole regiment gradually felt the impact of his infinitely tactful work and that of men inspired and guided by him. The life of the men was distinctly lifted to a higher level, and nobody felt unduly pressed. And nobody felt that he had been driven into an ethical corner from which he wanted to escape. It was all hearty and human and wise. It was an illustration of the application of brains and personality to the efforts of a sincere and noble man.

A good many kinds of men have Christian principles and Christian motives. Some of them are temperamentally attractive and some of them are temperamentally anything but attractive. One of these human burrs with a fine, manly kernel inside found himself in a training camp in the summer of Nineteen Seventeen. Life had not been a very easy or a very pleasant experience for him. He was full of characteristics which did not draw other people to him. He had what almost amounted to a genius for being misunderstood, and when he spoke there was all too often a phrase somewhere which gave offense. He was a church member, and he was a man who took religion very seriously. But most of his mental pictures were just a little out of perspective. He never seemed to know just how to place and adjust the camera. He carried a good many unpleasant memories into the army. He also carried a sense of duty solemn and urgent. He was not very happy in the camp. At mess and in the barracks, he was always "getting in wrong." A good many of the men disliked him heartily. He had little or no sense of the give-and-take of happy, comradely life.

He stuck to his tasks loyally, however. He was dogged and persistent and faithful. When he was a butt of men's ridicule he set his lips a little more firmly and went on. If he was inclined to pity himself a little and think that he was something of a martyr, at least he did not give in. One evening he was sitting off by himself looking a bit glum. Somehow the other men had a way of leaving him alone. He suspected that they thought him too strait-laced. One of them, a kind-hearted, blunt, energetic chap, stopped in front of him now. "Cheer up, Grumpy," he said. "It isn't your principles we object to, it's your practice." The saying was an enigma to the man to whom it was addressed, and it did not help him much.

At last the boys found themselves in France. The actual test of the conflict had its own effect upon all of them, and upon none more than the human burr with the fine kernel inside. His temperamental weaknesses seemed to vanish under the pressure of the life at the front. He was alert and ready and effective. And when it came to personal courage and readiness to take risks he commanded the respect of every man. There was

one day when his chance came. Other men's lives depended on his adequacy, and he did not fail, though the test was one of the utmost severity. In that hour the other men saw through the surface into the real man. And from that day he had a new position in his company. One of the lieutenants was discussing the matter afterward and put it into a sentence: "Sooner or later the army brings out what is inside a man. If there's good stuff, it is bound to show up at last."

In all this it is merely intended to say in concrete and definite fashion that character counts in the army, and that Christian character and Christian graces and human gifts can be capitalized for the good of men in army life, in the most definite and telling fashion. And the men who carry their Christian principles with them in complete loyalty and withal keep hearty and human, are the men who can be trusted to represent a noble cause in the noblest way. They are the men who in the truest fashion wield the clean sword.

There are two ways of going through a great war, even when you are serving the cause of civilization and the cause which

bears the promise of the future ethical life of the world. One is to get entangled in the endless confusion of the tragic and terrible and brutal details of fighting. The hardship, the suffering, the hard monotony of discomfort in trenches, where there are all too many inhabitants which are not human, and the mud is a malignant foe, and death in ugly and hideous forms is leering at you all the while—all these things wear and wear into a man's very heart. When you are unspeakably dirty and unspeakably weary and the tense demand of the trench life has cut itself almost to the quick, the experience writes itself deeply upon your life. In the midst of all this it is possible, it is easy, to lose one's vision of the meaning of it all, and to sink into an inner lethargy of dull heaviness of spirit even while you go about your tasks.

The other way is to keep the inner light burning in the midst of circumstances which it might seem would inevitably quench it. This does not mean all the while flinging about easy phrases of superficial idealism. It does not mean wearing one's heart upon one's sleeve. The man who keeps the inner

light burning goes as long without a bath when it is necessary as any other man. He suffers from the mud and the insects and the deadly strain. He lives with his comrades in friendly and hearty understanding of their mood. He growls and jokes and fights and goes through the work as do they. He does not look like an idealist with shining wings. A good deal of the time he looks like a dirty man doing a piece of hard repulsive work. But if you get a look into his eyes, you see something rewarding. There is light there. There is hope there. There is a passionate commitment to his cause which glows like a beacon. There is a readiness to give to the limit for the remaking of the world, which fills your heart with hope. There is the secret of victory in the light of that eye. And there is something which gives you a new sense of what it means to wield the clean sword.

Great soldiers do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves. But this passion, this commitment, this vision of the meaning of the task, is the deepest thing in the life of unnumbered soldiers of the American army.

When you read such books as Donald

Hankey's two volumes A Student in Arms, or Coningsby Dawson's Carry On, and The Glory of the Trenches, or Thomas Tiplady's The Cross at the Front, or many another revelation of what goes on behind the scenes in the soldier's inner life, you come to know sources of the soldier's vision and passion which give you a new sense of the meaning of life in our day. This war has had unspeakable atrocities. It has been characterized by terrible and loathsome brutalities. To some temperaments it might seem all evil and only evil, a dark path with no light upon it, even if it does lead to a better day. Looking deeply, however, we discover that this is not true. Young Frenchmen like Casalis give us a sense of self-giving Christian manhood which fills life with sudden glory. Our boys have found something greater than themselves, something greater than life, they have found victory over disintegrating fear, they have found the strength of commitment to a great cause, and so again and again the field of battle has been transfigured by the light of a glory unknown before. In that hour there has come to them the full spiritual meaning of wielding the clean sword.

CHAPTER XII

THE CLEAN SWORD AND THE FUTURE

"Ring bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples."

THIS is the cry of John G. Whittier in one of his passionate outbursts of prophetic joy. He believed that better days were coming. He believed that a better world was in the making, and he reached forward by faith to sing the glory of that better time which is to be. Living through hard and difficult and testing days, he never lost his belief in the future. In the name of it he wrote and worked. And by the very faith of his singing he helped to move the world toward the goal of his desire.

In this final chapter we want to consider the relation of the clean sword to those large and luminous and desirable things of which the noble thinkers of the world have always dreamed. We want to ask ourselves candidly and fearlessly what possibility there is

that these noble dreams may come true. We can hear the voice of singing gladness always calling:

"Fear not to build thine eyrie in the sky,
Bright with celestial day,
And to thine inmost self be true,
In simple faith alway,
And God shall make divinely real
The noblest forms of thine ideal."

Do we dare to believe it? What grounds do we have for the assertion that the future is on the side of the angels? What basis do we have for the assurance that the beautiful and winsome hopes of the prophets will make for themselves a secure place in the world?

In the first place, we have the very important facts of the persistence of the dreamers and their dreams. We have the very important facts of the existence of the prophets and their hopes. A divine discontent makes itself felt in human life. A passionate dream of a better day captures the minds of some men in every age. "Scorn of miserable aims that end with self" comes upon men of every country and every time. They rebuild the world in imagination after the fashion of a noble heart and a kingly

conscience, and are willing to take risks in the name of this ideal. They are ready to live for it. They will not refuse to die for it. They are the priceless moral and spiritual capital of the world.

Now, the first important matter is to give these noble leaders a real opportunity to think and feel and speak and to do their work. The critical matter is that they should not die before they become articulate, that they should not be "mute, inglorious Miltons" who never get the great word said. And here is the first service of the clean sword. It gives the dreamers protection. It guards the life of the seers. That orderly civilized life which it protects, makes a place for those rare and gentle spirits who would be destroyed in a ruder and less ordered life. The man who is on the front line of civilization fighting for its preservation may be a rude soldier with his stalwart strength, but he is making a place for the quiet poet who has not much of a body and whose only gift to the world is his gift of a song. The men who are most absolutely men of peace, who have no gift of physical powers to give to the world, whose thoughts are their only weap-

ons, receive their safety and the place to do their work as a gift from their sturdy brethren who do not always know how to follow the subtle and tortuous processes of thought, but who do know tremendously well how to fight. To be sure, we do not mean that the seer and the poet and the thinker are necessarily lacking in physical strength. We do mean that the world of their most effective activity is a world of quiet order produced by the men who wield the clean sword. For every man of forward-looking thought there have been the strong warriors who kept the peace and made it possible for him to work in safety.

The second important fact is that there is a fine contagion about the noblest visions men see of the future.

All types of men catch the vision of the seer. All types of men feel the contagion of the dream of the poet. And when men of action accept the program of the men of thought another step is taken toward the realizing of the noble dreams. At this point a very practical question comes into view: Are the people who are committed to the lofty view of the future stronger than those

who oppose it? The question emerges in respect of some definite issue. It may be the abolition of slavery. The forces gather for the struggle. The irrepressible conflict comes. And if the dreamers and seers can command enough man power to maintain themselves and their position, the world advances to a new stage of its life. Sometimes there is actual fighting. Sometimes the appeal is to potential force. But always the victorious ideal must be obviously stronger in definite man power. The clean sword secures its victory, even when it is a sharp sword still in the scabbard. The future, then, is on the side of the forces of goodness and progress and advancement just as rapidly as these forces mobilize their elements into obviously adequate fighting strength.

At this point an important matter requires a very definite discussion. The safety of gains already won and the possibility of advancement lie right at this point of the mobilization of the forces of goodness. Men have gone backward. Nations have gone backward. The world has gone backward. We have to be ready to fight for all that has been achieved as well as for all that we would

like to achieve. The hour of carelessness is the hour of danger. The hour when we take our gains for granted is the beginning of defeat. It is a perpetual demand which life makes that we must not be taken unaware.

It is not difficult to see that if the United States had understood this principle, the history of the last few years might have been different enough for all the world. If America had been prepared to back an incisive protest with a strong fighting arm, we might have prevented the war in Nineteen Fourteen. A nation may have winged words, but they are not very powerful if that nation cannot enforce them. It is when we are ready to unsheath the clean sword that we are least likely to have to unsheath it.

We will never be found unprepared again. We will not have our garden unfenced and undefended, trusting to the just and generous impulses of any prowler who happens to be abroad. Universal military training in the United States is one of the inevitable results of this war. We will be prepared to conserve the slowly won gains of our national life, and we will have a ready strength which will give emphasis to all of

our forward-looking ideals for our own nation and for the world.

We have already seen that international safety involves international organization. We have already seen that a league to enforce peace is the only hope of the permanent peace of the world. Now we want to view the relation of this league to some practical matters of national and international life.

If there is to be a better future for men, it is clear that the exploiting of weak nations by strong nations must come to an end. The cupidity of men who would use the force of a strong nation for the sake of getting hold of the resources of a weak nation all for their entirely selfish ends, must be held in check. Evidently, the very fact that a weak nation can appeal to the league of nations which maintains international order will be a pledge of safety to the weak nation. The man who would set going a little war for private gain will be effectually held in check. The weak nations will have a great friend to whom they can appeal. The international court of the league to enforce peace will secure their rights and their opportunity for development along the lines which will re-

sult in ampler and stronger life for those less forward groups. The sword at the disposal of the league which enforces order will be the sword of the combined and organized strength of Christendom. And that sword will be irresistible.

Now, all the enterprises of noble altruism will have a new standing ground over the whole world under this regime. Many reforms have been set back because men had to stop and fight over something else. In this sense once and again particular wars have set back particular movements for human welfare. A woman cannot be sewing away at the garments of her children while her house is burning; and when fire breaks out in the structure of civilization we must stop a good many useful things in order to extinguish the conflagration. With the securing of an international organization for the enforcing of peace we can apply no end of released energy to a thousand friendly and forward-looking tasks. So the clean sword in the hand of an international league will be the ally of the seer and the dreamer as in that larger and more stable life they seek as they work to improve the lot of men.

The great movement for advancing the kingdom of God in all the world will be furthered in the most far-reaching fashion by this new and stable orderliness. To be sure, the modern missionary era was inaugurated while the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars were going on. To be sure, men who think shrewdly and practically are not so much disturbed as we sometimes think by the fact that nations possessing the great remedy do not take their own medicine. That situation is a great reflection on their folly. It is not a reflection upon the remedy which they fail to apply. But while all this is true, and while the missionary enterprise cannot be defeated even by vast wars, still it is undoubtedly true that the league of nations to enforce peace will give a new and a vast opportunity to the missionary.

In a long era of world-wide peace, with all the increasing and intimate relationships between men of all nations, that nearness of man to man which is so important for the furthering of the missionary enterprise will be developed. The fact that the world has become one world in order will give a new emphasis to the unity of mankind, and a new

opportunity to move toward the goal of a noble oneness under the sanctions of the Christian religion. The league of nations to enforce peace will be the greatest friend of the missionary. What has already been done so nobly by Great Britain in furthering the missionary enterprise in her wide-lying possessions will be done in a fuller and more far-reaching fashion by the international organization of an orderly world. Not by official support but by world-wide fairness will it further the enterprise. It will also be true that the missionary will be a great ally of the new world-order. His work will all the while increase the number of men of good will upon whose shoulders at last will rest the task of keeping the peace of the world.

The clean sword will be a power back of the wiser meeting of all sorts of social and industrial problems. As the sword of justice and the sword of law in fair and stern strength do their work, there is a solid structural basis for all sorts of advancement in dealing with matters which concern practical human welfare. The man who would introduce an era of anarchy in the way to social justice is the foe of the very groups of men

and women whom he would help. The man who would destroy the fabric of our industrial life as a means of sharing its benefits with all men is incapable of wise leadership. It is just as we have a stern and deep sense of law and of law internationally enforced that we have a basis for real advancement. The clean sword must guard the slow gains of civilization while we go forward to new gains.

The advance of England in social legislation in the period immediately before the war illustrates what we mean. Law itself became the vehicle of a new social opportunity for everyday men. Law itself provided a new care and a new place in the world for groups which had been intolerably burdened. Under the larger organization for peace which is to follow the war social reform will move forward by leaps and bounds, and the good and useful things of the past will be conserved in every forward movement.

The danger in the leadership of a certain type of reformer lies just in the fact that so often he surrenders an old benefit for every new benefit he receives. He is so much interested in what he is getting that he does not

notice what he is giving up. Thus it happens that the world is not really advanced by his labors. It merely changes one set of wrongs for another. It merely gets some new rights at the very moment when it is giving up important old ones. It is only when the radical is nobly conservative that the world really moves forward. And it is when the conservative becomes radical that there is the largest promise for the life of the future.

Beyond question, the international orderliness of the days ahead will provide just the right field for this combination of loyalty to what is good in the old, and welcome for what is good in the new. Day by day, month by month, year by year the sure and steady steps forward will be taken. The clean sword of civilization will defend the orderly life of man. It will save us from anarchy, and it will make possible orderly progress.

This situation will release a certain willingness for experiment which at present is too often held in check. There is a certain type of quite honest man, who mistakenly holds to old ways despite the abuses they involve, because he fears that any change will disturb the equilibrium and bring chaotic

conditions. He is afraid of any change because he is afraid that it will be followed by the deluge. He is afraid to give men what they ought to have, for fear they will demand the impossible and shatter the structure of civilization. Now, of course, this is a very short-sighted position, and the man who holds it and acts upon it is likely to be hastening the very explosion which he wishes to prevent. None the less it is one of the happy prospects of the wider recognition of the fashion upon which all life is based upon law and order which the days after the war will bring, that cautious men will see that the structure is safe, and will join with a new interest in improving it. When they see that nobody is going to set the house on fire they will be ready to enter with something like zest into the work of housecleaning.

It cannot be denied, of course, that some men will try to use this very orderliness as a basis for exploiting their fellow men, but they will find themselves pinioned by the very sword they desired to use unworthily. The whole force of orderly organization will be brought with crushing weight to bear upon the man who would misuse it. The

clean sword will refuse to be the instrument of social injustice.

In this way legislation in states and nations and in the world-organization will continually move toward a fuller protection of the rights and opportunities and life of every man and woman in the whole world. The individual will be given as much freedom as is consistent with the common good. The state will be given as large and effective an authority as it can use without crushing the individual. And every attainment in these matters will be made firm and sure by that clean sword, which the state, the nation, and the world can at any moment unsheath. It will be a potential sword, rather than an active sword; but the safety of the world will lie in the fact that it is ready for use.

It is no doubt perfectly possible to say that all this would be very fine but that it simply cannot be done. To a certain type of mind anything looks impossible until it is accomplished. The truth is that only those things are impossible which go against human nature. And the very strength of this view of the future is that it faces all the facts of human nature. It is not a dreamy vision

refusing to face the hard and sordid aspects of life. It recognizes the presence of evil and will keep adequate force ready to suppress it. On the other hand, it is not a brutal philosophy of unethical power which would achieve its ends regardless of conscience. That too would come to wreck because of the inevitable persistence of moral and spiritual consciousness among men. All the facts good and bad are recognized when we plead for an organization of world-wide good will which shall be stronger than world-wide bad will to enforce a noble peace all over the planet. All the facts are recognized when in town and state and nation we seek a stable government supported by adequate resources of force, at the command of the community good will, and achieving the fullest life for all.

It may be objected by a certain speculative type of thinker that this rests upon a dualistic philosophy, and that the human mind can rest only in a monistic view of life. The immediate answer would be that the question is not that of satisfying a certain type of mind, but of facing concrete and unescapable facts and of dealing with them

honestly and faithfully. But as a matter of fact, the history of philosophy bears out the contention that thought itself moves along the line of seeking an impossible monism on one side, then turning to an equally impossible monism on the other, and finally coming to a reconciliation which includes the true elements in each view. So it was in the days of the Greek reconcilers. So it has been ever since. And this reconciliation itself we are coming to see is, after all, a large and roomy monism capable of making a place for the opposing elements which emerge in actual experience. We secure a Christian monism by having an ethical God upon the throne who achieves the victory over evil. We do not secure it by denying the existence of evil. All this being true, no speculative specters need to make us afraid as we face and deal with the actual facts of life.

One more word needs to be said. The final problem about the clean sword has to do with training men and nations and a world capable of being trusted with the sword. Some people seem to think that the only way to keep nations virtuous is to keep them weak. If they become strong they are sure

to misuse their strength. Their fundamental philosophy seems to be: Do not allow anybody to have a strong right arm; if you do, he is sure to become a bully.

Unquestionably, whenever a nation becomes strong there are people who would like to misuse that strength. There are people who would like to make that strength the support of lawlessness. There will be those who will try to misuse the powers of the world-state, making it an implement of injustice. The task, then, is this: in every nation to make the forces of right stronger than the forces of wrong; in the world-state to make the forces of fairness and order dominant. To do this we have one supreme power. That is the capacity of the Christian religion to make and to train men of good will. In every generation the success of the experiment of life depends upon the securing of a fully organized and mobilized force of human integrity ready to control those energies which have to do with the security of the world. Every victory of the great Master in a human life puts one new unit at the disposal of those forces of righteousness which are to maintain the orderliness of the

world. There will be those who refuse the transforming touch of Jesus Christ. There will be those who cling with unabated energy to hard self-will. But the men of good will when adequately mobilized will be strong enough to deal with the evil. They can be trusted with the clean sword. They will keep it clean. They will prevent the world from falling apart. The strategic significance of Christianity lies in the fact that it is continually creating the type of character which can be trusted with the future of the world.

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